JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 74. | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1907. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

For meaning of this number see page 1.

No. 2546/46

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Would you like to finger £100?

Every person who takes delivery (during November) of not less than two tons of Molassine Meal (the marvellous food for all kinds of animals) may compete, whether bought direct or through a Corn Merchant.

THE INCREASE IN DELIVERIES OF MOLASSINE MEAL

for the month of November over the previous November has been as follows:—

1902 over 1901.....15 per cent. | 1904 over 1903.....129 per cent. | 1906 over 1905..... ...27 per cent.
1903 „ 1902.....18 „ | 1905 „ 1904..... 39 „

CAN YOU TELL US

what the increase in the deliveries for November, 1907, from Works will be over 1906?

£100 WILL BE PAID

to the person who gives the exact or nearest estimate, and £50 will be given as Consolation Prizes, divided as follows:—**£20, £12 10s., £10** to the next three nearest, and **£7 10s.** to the competitor who is widest of the mark.

REMEMBER

THAT SOMEBODY WILL HAVE THE £100.
THAT this money will actually be received and fingered by somebody.
THAT every competitor must have taken a delivery of not less than 2 tons of Molassine Meal during November.
THAT the competition will close on November 30th.
THAT the decision of the Sales Manager will be final
THAT no correspondence can be entertained.
THAT should competitors tie, the money will be divided.
THAT only one competition can be accepted from the same person.
THAT those who compete accept these conditions.
THAT all you have to do is to send a Postcard addressed:—

SAYING: "INCREASING DELIVERIES," THE MOLASSINE CO. (1907), LTD., 36, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

"As per your advertisement in JOHN BULL I estimate the Increase in Deliveries of Molassine Meal from Works for November 1907, to be....per cent. in advance of November, 1906." OR fill in your Estimate in the blank space, and post it to the above address in an envelope.

Mr. John Foster, 72 and 73, Port Street, Bengeworth, Evesham, handled the money for the September Competition. The result of the October competition will be announced shortly in the agricultural papers.

YOU MAY HANDLE THE £100 FOR NOVEMBER.

For results see Agricultural papers about the second week in December.

DELICIOUS

MAZAWATTEE TEA

GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

NAME and FAME WORLD-WIDE.

DRESS SUITS

. . In the making of a Dress Suit a Tailor has to bring into play the very essence of his knowledge as to Shaping, Building and Fitting—and even more than that. The production of a Perfect Fitting garment is not the only aim: there is something in the set and flow of a perfect suit which, to produce, seems to call for a special Aptitude as well as Tailoring Knowledge.

. . Mr. Bult has for many years made a speciality of Dress Suits, and has been so successful with their production that many men come to him for that particular garment, who are perfectly satisfied with the work of their ordinary tailor in other respects. For this Season's wear Mr. Bult has stocked some excellent materials for these Suits, which he supplies, Silk-Lined, from £4 4s. upwards. Dinner Jacket to match (Silk-Lined throughout), from £2 10s

. . Patterns and Booklet (Illustrated by Actual Photographs will be sent Post Free on application.

John J. M. Bult
160 FENCHURCH ST LONDON E.C.
Cash Tailor

W.E.S

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. III. No. 74. Saturday, November 2nd, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.

UNITED KINGDOM	6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION	8s. 8d.

SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

Applications for advertisement space to be made to Messrs. Creenberg and Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Matinee Every Saturday at 2. Doors open 1.40.
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled
THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment
DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME
and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free.
GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

The following claims have been received in respect of September 21st:—

Mr. F. BLENKINSOPP, 39, Whitehall Park Road, Gunnersbury (No. 467232, September 21st).

Mr. C. A. SMITH, 28, Spring Lane, Woodside, S.E. (No. 409497, September 21st).

Mr. HARRY E. WEBSTER, 98, Old Dumbarton Road, Glasgow (No. 420756, September 21st).

Mr. THOS. BROWN, 28, North Road, Old Brentford (No. 389819, September 21st).

The following claims have also been allowed:—

Mr. H. A. J. RANG, 2, St. Nicholas Building, Newcastle-on-Tyne (No. 425533, August 17th).

Mr. WM. YOUNG, 22, Morville Street, Bow (No. 306846, September 14th).

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 28TH:—

569,298	**486,886**
498,264	**540,309**
478,598	**540,921**
536,031	**497,166**
489,925	**507,704**

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 5TH.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, November 4th.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 7TH (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 5TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing and competent to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Three cheers for Mr. Lloyd-George. We have a live President of the Board of Trade at last. Whether it be railway accidents, or railway strikes, he is "there"—first, at the Shrewsbury inquiry and now at the Directors' Conference, to be followed, doubtless, by one with the men. Our cartoon represents what we conceive to be Mr. Lloyd-George's attitude towards the companies. Merits apart, *there must be no strike*. The railway service is a national affair, and so long as it remains in private hands it must be subject to strict Government control. The olive branch first, by all means—but Compulsory Arbitration to back it up. The only fault we find with our artist's work is that the draft legislation does not protrude quite enough. Every director must catch a glimpse of it.

We congratulate Mr. Chamberlain's grandson on his precocity in joining the East Worcestershire Liberal Unionist Association. At his time of life, and with his appropriate share of innocence, he should be a shining light among Tariff Reformers. Meanwhile, we await with considerable interest a full statement of the young gentleman's views on other important questions of the day, such as municipal milk and corporal punishment. Seriously, we think that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should intervene to save babies in arms from being rendered ridiculous before their time.

We wonder whether sensational events occur more frequently nowadays than they did in the time of our fathers. Judging by the headlines of the newspapers, at least half a dozen extraordinary events happen every day—financial panics, earthquake terrors, imperial scandals, awful accidents, and all the rest of it. Did these things not occur in the past, when people lived less rapidly? Or, if they did occur, were they hushed up? Meanwhile, we note with regret that the *Daily Express* is not the least persistent of the purveyors of horrors, though it announced in its first number that it intended to publish nothing but "good news." Come, come, Mr. Pearson.

The state of public morality at Berlin illustrates the futility of driving vice below the surface. A stranger, visiting the Prussian capital, is always impressed by the innocent appearance of the streets at night. There is no sad procession of bedraggled women, such as may be seen in Paris or Piccadilly. And ladies may return home, unprotected, from the theatre without the least fear of molestation. But there is a greater number of vicious haunts in Berlin than in any other European capital, and the most frightful orgies go on there under the very noses of the police.

A popular sporting writer in a contemporary has discovered what he fancies is a new form of betting. You give your bookmaker £25, and he pays you the accumulated odds to a penny over all the winners of the day. We confess we should like to find a bookmaker who would take us on at this game, though we fear that he would not remain solvent very long. We remember a very shrewd sporting man some time ago offering us £50 a day if we would lay him the odds to a penny, and he was quite disappointed when we refused to fall into the trap. Our contemporary further reveals his child-like innocence by saying that "this novel form of speculation can only affect the well-to-do, as a penny being the smallest unit that we can very well deal with, the £25 would be about the 'mean' purchase of the privilege, which would be beyond the pockets of ninety-nine out of every hundred who follow racing." Of course, one does not expect strict arithmetical proficiency even in the sporting columns of a Protectionist newspaper, but if the staff is not strong enough to calculate in fractions of a penny, why should it not work out the sum with an initial penny, and then divide the result by five or ten, as the case may be?

An amusing correspondence has been going on between Messrs. Wells and Hicks. Wells may be remembered as the author of some fantastic tales and the possessor of some fantastic opinions about Socialism. Hicks will not readily be forgotten as the man who attempted to keep Mr. Winston Churchill out of Parliament. Both are evidently eccentric people, and when eccentric people engage in controversy we are entitled to expect some fun. This was provided in the first instance by Hicks, who charged Wells with believing that "wives, no less than goods, were to be held in common." Wells then induced his wife to write and deny these opinions. Hicks retorted with a frank confession that he had not read Wells' book. What are we to say to people who conduct a controversy in this slipshod way? If Hicks had read Wells' book, no doubt even he would have found something to ridicule. As it is, he has given himself away by attacking one of the few absurdities to which Wells can plead "not guilty."

It is a horrible thing to be found out. Last March the ratepayers of London were told by pamphlet, phonograph, paid corner boys, and other high-class mediums for the expression of the eternal verities, that the late London County Council were wastrels, jobbers, financial fakers, and all the rest of it. "Elect us," cried the new men, "and we shall save London millions, and down your rates will go." Alas for this carnival of lies! The new Council has not saved a visible or tangible bawbee, and the poor deluded Londoner, fed to fattening on romance, has to pay his 1s. 5d. for general purposes and 1s. 6d. for education just as if those alleged money-squandering, book-faking Progressives were still in power. Once more, we wish the "great overburdened" joy of their new-found friends.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence that the Moderates in power on the London County Council have not been more fortunate in letting "the finest site in Europe" than the Progressives whom they maligned and derided up hill and down dale with respect to it. The Paris in London scheme, after all, is a pricked bubble. The promoters have been unable to touch the spot, and the Council have resumed their liberty of action. Sir Edward Cornwall suggests that the Aldwych site will never be let until the church of St. Mary-le-Strand is removed, but it seems almost incredible that the continuance of this edifice as a more or less going concern can be the cause of the trouble. It is more likely that the difficulty lies in the price and the restrictions. As matters are, neither Briton nor Alien will bite, and unless the problem is tackled in a more give-and-take spirit, it looks as if the site would remain a wilderness and a desolation until the last trumpet resounds through a prostrate world.

Heaven send us dearer bread. At the time of writing wheat is at 42s. a quarter, the loaf varies from 5d. to 6d., and in some districts of London is at 7d.; prices are still rising—and the millennium is at hand. Says the *Daily Mail*, with that magnificent prescience which always distinguishes its loftier thought:

> A continuance of present prices would mean that the acres, now counted by the million, that have gone out of cultivation in the last thirty years would be ploughed, that farmers who have now the knowledge but *not the capital necessary* for using the new gifts of science *would buy* the best cultivators and the best manures. The land would bring forth yearly greater and greater wealth; the tale of country employment would rise, the shopkeepers in the small agricultural towns, which depend wholly on agricultural prosperity, would restore their credit, now in many cases lamentably weak, and all trades would flourish on the foundation of our greatest industry.

Wherefore let the multitude rise as one man and demand a special Parliamentary session to pass an Act fixing the price of wheat at sixty shillings a quarter and the loaf at eighteenpence a time. Delays are dangerous. Now is the accepted time. If we hesitate, prices may drop.

As our readers are aware, Mr. C. J. Stewart, the late Chairman of Allsopp's, has now opened his offices, as Public Trustee. We shall have a good deal to say about this gentleman later on—especially when dealing with the late Lord Brampton's views of his conduct as Official Receiver of the Board of Trade. In the meantime, we observe, with interest, that Mr. Stewart having, with all the resources of the Government at his back, surveyed London for a suitable site for his offices, has instinctively hit upon some rooms practically adjoining the Bankruptcy Court. We hope that prospective testators will take the hint, when asked to appoint Mr. Stewart as their trustee.

To wake up in the middle of the night and find the barrel of a revolver pointed at your head by a gentleman who demands £10,000 instanter to refrain from blowing out your brains, is an experience which few of us would care to face; not so much because we should be in danger of losing the money as because the revolver might go off. That it has happened to Mr. Cory-Wright seems a special and peculiar selection due to a belief that he is laying up treasure on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break in and steal. Mr. Cory-Wright seems to have risen to the occasion with more than ordinary nerve and coolness. He got his visitor out for a few sovereigns even before that stupendous person had begun to explore his trousers for loose change. Josh Billings used to say it waz highly important that when a man makes up his mind tew bekum a raskal he should examine hizself clusly and see if he aint better kenstrukted for a phool. This seems to apply with scathing directness to a man who supposes that a cheque for £10,000 given to him by one of his fellow creatures at the point of a loaded revolver in the dead of night will be changeable for hard cash first thing in the morning. It goes without saying that if Mr. Cory-Wright had given that cheque he would have been first at the bank. We are not free to anticipate what will happen to his midnight visitor when a judge and jury have carefully considered the facts; but he seems to be sickening for something of a lingering nature.

Prince Olaf is again with us. We hasten to give his Royal Highness good welcome in the hope that he will favour us with further excerpts from his extensive repertoire, and communicate them to the gentlemen of the Press who so faithfully recorded his *bons mots* last year. Though his Royal Highness has now achieved the age of four-and-a-half, his popularity increases with his years, especially among the Buckingham Palace footmen, whose red coat-tails he likes to pull and whose lovely limbs he yearns to play with. So, at all events, we gather from the faithful reporters who have apparently been accredited to his suite. During the next few weeks Queen Maud's famous books of newspaper cuttings, one labelled "Things We Never Said," and the other "Things Olaf Never Said," are likely to be pasted up with some notable additions.

The Aldershot magistrates have inflicted a fine of £5 and costs on Colonel Rutherford, C.M.G., the principal veterinary officer at Aldershot, for cruelly beating a dog with a whip and a broom handle. Brutal acts invariably indicate a brutal man, and one almost regrets that the law did not permit the magistrates, who stigmatised the case as "a very bad one," to deal with Colonel Rutherford as he dealt with the dog. We have often wondered what is exactly meant by the phrase "having a dog's life of it." Now we know; it means the sort of life led by a dog belonging to "an officer and a gentleman" like Colonel Rutherford Judging by the evidence, he seems about as fit to have the care of a dog as a cat is to have the care of a canary.

The alcoholic facts about the Lord Mayor's banquet to the bishops and clergy appear to be that seventy-four bottles of champagne were drunk, and that Judge Rentoul based his estimate of about £40 cost on a calculation of eleven shillings a bottle. As the Lord Mayor says this estimate of the cost is false, we can only assume that the champagne was of the cheaper brands, and that in a spirit of pure philanthropy his lordship wined his guests, not as connoisseurs, but as experimentalists. Judge Rentoul, who is strictly teetotal, has, apparently, yet to learn that, thanks to the inventive capacity of this age, champagne may now be purchased at the low price of three-and-two the bottle, including the gilt foil, no extra charge being made for the rhubarb, gooseberry, cork, or string—with twopence allowed for the empty bottle. It is believed not to be an intoxicating beverage, however, and its effect, if any, would merely be to give a Bishop a slight pain under his apron. Seventy-four bottles was the quantity, anyway, so that Mr. Lloyd-George's statement that drink is on the down grade may still be accepted without qualification.

Mr. Morley, Secretary for India, in his statesmanlike speech at Arbroath, did not spare Mr. Keir Hardie. He made mincemeat of Mr. Hardie's wild, weird assertion in Bengal, that what is good for Canada is good for India. India is not a country of one race, but many, and the religious beliefs are as diverse as the races. India is not to be governed by rhetorical fallacies, but by a broad, firm, and enlightened statesmanship which seeks to give the natives as large a share of self-government as is consistent with reason and safety. To everything its place, and a season for every purpose. There is probably no tract of country under the dominion of the British crown where the economic and political crudities of socialism would do more damage, or expose the white population to greater danger, than India. Mr. Keir Hardie is not a statesman. He is the wild-man of politics, unbalanced, immature, and reckless, and his latest pose as member for India is as dangerous in India as it will be grotesque in this country.

It is the sign of a widening religious thought that even in Church circles men are beginning to speak plainly about things hitherto regarded as sacrosanct. There is a certain boldness, for instance, in the statement of a speaker at a church gathering at Pendlebury. "I have a strong dislike," he said, "for sloppy hymns, which have killed many a service." Not so many years ago, to speak in a religious gathering of hymns being "sloppy" would have been regarded as flat blasphemy, but nowadays it appears such things may be said without danger of falling from grace. "Sloppy" is an arresting word. Nobody can pick up a hymn book of any sort, Anglican, Methodist, or Salvationist, without being struck by the large number of hymns which are not only sloppy, but glaringly idiotic. Hymns of the "I want to be an angel above the bright blue sky" class are, of course, utterly opposed to facts. Not a single person who ever sings them wants to be an angel. On the other hand, "There is a fountain filled with blood" conjures up images so repellant as to stagger even the material sense. Few hymns will bear literary analysis in their allusions and metaphors, which are

either false, mixed, repulsive, or "sloppy." Only the emotional music to which they are wedded keeps them alive. *Hysteria sexualis.*

The other day Madame Sarah Bernhardt, asked whether she had seen any of our English actors, replied, "Yes—Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. George Edwardes." Now Mr. George Edwardes is a great man in many ways, as well as what one of our national anthems calls a "jolly good fellow." But as an actor (although not without ability) he is not exactly a star, and when this was explained to Madame she remarked that she had got rather mixed, and meant Mr. George Alexander. We mention these facts in order that George I. and George II. may not have any dispute as to which of them has caught the rolling eye of the divine Sarah. George II., however, has now an opportunity of revenge by inviting Madame to go on as one of his show girls in musical comedy. For most other theatres she would be too young for the *rôle*.

Whether the Lord Chamberlain will receive the petition in favour of the abolition of that ridiculous and unnecessary institution, the censorship of plays, in the spirit of joy and thanksgiving may be doubted. If in these democratic days we are to have a censorship of plays, why not a censorship of speeches, and newspapers, and books, and pictures? The ridiculous figure which the Lord Chamberlain cut over the "Mikado" will not readily be forgotten. If the Lord Chamberlain does not like a play, nobody else may see it; he is prosecutor, judge, and jury in one, except in so far as he may be inspired and assisted by Mr. Redford, his reader. The ordinary law and the public judgment are surely strong enough to deal with actual outrages on public morals, whether on the stage or elsewhere. Popular opinion, and not the Lord Chamberlain, killed the Pinerotic doll, and it would certainly kill any other theatrical "business" of the sort. The fact is, in a mixed audience, stage impropriety of any kind makes everybody uncomfortable. This is fatal to the cash box, and therefore fatal to the play. The censor of plays is 150 years out of date, and the day he receives notice to quit will mark the beginning of a vigorous national drama.

The Scots admittedly are a great people, but some of them continue to give colour to the ancient reflection on their sense of humour. D. MacKellar, who signs himself "Convener, 'Vigilance' Committee of the Scottish Patriotic Association" jokes with even more difficulty than the proverbial Caledonian, stern and wild—unless, perchance, he is serious. D. MacKellar, etc., is reviving that ridiculous old claim of Scotland to be regarded as a country that matters when we are reciting the titular dignities of our British big-wigs. "Why 'England'?" he heads a screaming letter. It seems that a certain paper had referred to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as "Prime Minister of England." This, says D. MacKellar, is "a most unwarrantable misuse of language." He adds that the use of the term "England" to connote the United Kingdom "is an express violation of the Treaties of Union," and that "no Englishman with any regard for the moral obligations laid upon him . . . would continue to offend the susceptibilities of the Scots." D. MacKellar's concluding observation is great. "The most aggressively-patriotic Scot—and we are all credited with our share of *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*—is never guilty of the attempt to impose the name of Scotland upon the United Kingdom." We should think not, indeed. Any attempt of that kind would result in a bluidy revolution. We ourselves would assist in beating back the proud Convener and his clansmen at the point of the haggis. Meanwhile, we beg of D. MacKellar to imbibe deep of the wine of his country and sleep thereon. In the morning he may feel better.

But what, after all, can Scotland expect from the foreigner when she treats her ain folk so curiously? We learn, for example, that Scotland at this date has begun to ban wee Jimmie Barrie. There is a little town midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow that had a sewing class in connection with its church. It was proposed by one of the ladies that the while the women stitched "A Window in Thrums" should be read to them—as a pleasure, we should explain, and not for sins done in the pride of womanhood. But the office-holders heard of the plan, and they objected. James will be cheered to learn that the objection was not specific, not to him alone. The office-holders are against all novel-reading by, or to, the young; and the young formed a large part of the sewing class. We are happy to know that the said young told the office-holders to go to Auld Reekie, or some other noisome place, and have left the class, which in consequence has been broken up. So the Kirk will have to get its slippers made in some other way; and the young people, their curiosity aroused, may be relied upon to read any novels which come their way.

The Socialist-Labour element is thoroughly enjoying the assistance rendered to its propaganda by the scare tactics of the Tariff Reform Press. Whoever and whatever suffers from the Yellow campaign, it seems unlikely that the voting strength of Socialism will. The sale of Socialist literature, as you may gather from any bookseller doing a cheaper sort of trade, has gone up lately by leaps and bounds. The I.L.P. publication department hopes to sell £4,000 worth of pamphlets in the present year: the sales recently have been double the totals of corresponding periods in 1906, which in turn were much larger than those of the previous twelve months. The exaggerations of the Northcliffe and Pearson papers bear their own refutation to the eyes of all intelligent readers; and the cry of "Atheism," raised at Kirkdale and elsewhere, is ricochetting back beautifully into the Tory position. Of course, theology has nothing to do with conduct. Not one man in a million is affected in the slightest degree by his creed, hereditary or acquired. But, seeing that the Tories began to call the Socialists for party purposes "Infidels," it is quite legitimate that the Socialists should print lists of notable Tory Freethinkers. These lists may or may not do the Tory vote much good at the next General Election; they will assuredly arouse a spirit of sceptical inquiry in the minds of many working-class Churchmen, who had no idea that half the leading defenders of the Establishment and privilege generally, in the present as in the past, worship God less faithfully than they worship Mammon.

An American doctor professes to have discovered the cause of lying. Liars, it seems, invariably suffer from indigestion. Cure the indigestion and the liar cannot lie. This revelation ought to teach us humanity. When we hear the Temperance Secretary, or the Tariff Reformer, or the Socialist Graball on the platform, don't blame the poor fellow. Put it down to the lobster. Here is an opening for some enterprising manufacturer. Wouldn't the "Little Pills for Loquacious Liars" boom! What testimonials would be sent! Imagine a sample or two.

"I took one of your pills, and in half an hour was able to say 'Tariff Reform will increase the cost of living.'—C. A. Pearson."

"One box of your pills compelled me to close my Newfoundland and Shanghai offices.—Northcliffe."

"Since taking my first dose I have been struck dumb.—Victor Grayson."

THE DIRECTORS.

"We must protect our shareholders," said the directors. So they borrowed more money and ran up expenses.

"We must protect our shareholders," continued the directors. So they reduced the dividends.

"We must protect our shareholders," screamed the directors. So they declined to recognise the Trades Unions.

"We must protect our shareholders," said the directors once more. So there came a great strike and no dividends at all.

And then a small voice was heard. It was that of a shareholder crying out, "Who will protect ME from my Protectors?"

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 406.

For stating that if Madame Patti "had been in her cradle at the date when she was born, her voice would have been surprising for its freshness and velvety quality,"

THE *WESTERN MORNING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 407.

For stating that members of the "Daily Graphic" Balloon Expedition consumed a few square inches of oxygen when exhausted,

THE *DAILY GRAPHIC*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 408.

For stating that a feu de joie was fired over a grave,

THE *YEOVIL WESTERN GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 409.

For stating that the Vaudeville Club is inaugurating a series of Sunday evening concerts, "the first of which will be held on Saturday next,"

THE *WINNING POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 410.

For advertising a prize of the value of £1 1s. for a Hat Trimming Competition at a Bazaar and then awarding the winner a box of Beecham's Pills,

THE BISHOP'S STORTFORD BAPTISTS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 411.

For stating that a boy aged one was charged with shop-breaking,

THE *RICHMOND POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 412.

For stating that "on Friday evening last the workmen and wives of Mr. J. Foster were entertained to a harvest supper,"

THE *NEWBURY WEEKLY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 413.

For stating that plum puddings will cost fivepence a pound more because five different ingredients are going to cost a penny a pound more,

THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 414.

For alluding to "His late Royal Highness the reigning Grand Duke of Baden,"

THE *LONDON GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 415.

For attributing the small attendance at a recent Newmarket race meeting to the fact that "so many people had gone to the Church Congress,"

THE *EAST ANGLIAN DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

Prizes to be apportioned by Our Own Readers.

No "Expenses." We *add* Ten per Cent.

We reprint below the announcement which appeared in reference to this matter in our last issue. Considerable interest is being evinced by our readers in the scheme, and some of the lines already sent in are extremely amusing. Of course, "Biscuits" and "Bull's Eyes" play an important part in many of them—whilst there is more than one sly reference to "the editor's steed." However, there is plenty of time between now and Saturday, November 9th, for every reader to try his hand.

As our readers are aware, we have constantly exposed the dishonest character of the various Limerick competitions, which have now become a regular feature of so many of the weekly papers. We have shown not only that the highest prizes frequently go to some of the worst lines, but that, of necessity, no adequate consideration can be given to the work of the competitors. We do not, however, care to find fault with other people's schemes—especially when they are those of journalistic rivals—without being able to justify our position; and, inasmuch as our criticisms have called forth challenges as to how *we* would suggest that a Limerick competition should be conducted, we have decided to give our contemporaries a practical object lesson. Lest, however, it should be thought that we have any intention of emulating their policy by regularly adopting the Limerick, we desire to say at once that this is the only one we shall admit to our columns. We do not regard such so-called competitions as coming within the scope of legitimate journalism. Honestly carried out, they are harmless, if stupid; but to carry them out honestly means entailing an impossible strain upon the newspapers. Hence, they are all, in our opinion, dishonest. Indeed, it is to the interest of the papers to award prizes to the stupidest lines—thus encouraging ignorant persons to compete.

Our scheme is simple. We print elsewhere an unfinished Limerick—just as silly and insipid as the usual specimen. We invite our readers to supply the last line. Each attempt must be made in the coupon provided for the purpose. It must be accompanied by the proverbial sixpence. *Or three coupons may be sent for a shilling.* All the money so sent will be pooled; and, instead of deducting anything from it for "expenses," *we will add ten per cent. to it for the advertisement we get.* Then we will divide the fund, including our own contribution to it, amongst the competitors. How? Well, that will be decided by our readers. First, we shall publish, in a special supplement, *every line sent in.* There's another departure. Then we shall ask our readers, by means of a coupon supplied for the purpose, to vote as to the merits of such lines. When all the votes have been counted, we shall convert them into a table of percentages, and the whole of the money will be divided according to such table. Thus, assuming that, say, 100,000 votes are recorded, and that one line gets 10,000 votes, its author will receive ten per cent., or one-tenth of the fund. And so on. Lines which get no votes will receive nothing. Can anything be fairer? *We give you till* SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH, *to send in your idea of the best line to complete the verse on the coupon.* All lines sent in will be published in a special supplement to our issue of NOVEMBER 16TH. In that and the following issue will be published a Voting Coupon. *All votes must reach us by* SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.

THE RESULT OF THE POLL WILL BE DECLARED
in our issue of
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21ST.

If the idea appeals to you, have a go. It may mean a little fortune for you—it may mean nothing. No, it must mean *something*—for, being human, you are pretty sure to vote for your own line.

For Limerick Coupon see page 430.

IN THE CITY.

THE FALL IN AMERICAN RAILS.

The following table shows the shrinkage in American rails this year :—

	Jan. 2, 1907.	Oct. 26
Atchisons	108⅝	77⅞
Chesapeakes	58	29
Milwaukees	155	110
Eries	44⅞	19
Louisvilles	148½	99½
Missouris	42½	25¼
Norfolks	94⅝	62
Readings	69½	40
Southern Pacifics	96¼	70¼
Southerns	34	13
Union Pacifics	186⅜	111⅜

Now is the time for prudent investors, if any are left on this side who will touch American Rails at any price.

HOME RAILS.—THE INVESTOR'S OPPORTUNITY.

It is difficult to get the public to buy when markets are depressed, but railway stocks at their present quotations offer such exceptional advantages to the investor in gilt-edged securities that it may be useful to emphasise the position by a few figures. Below we give the present price and the fall as from the highest price of last year, in the case of the fourteen leading railway companies. The result is that the present average yield on the ordinary and deferred stocks of these companies is about 4¾ per cent., and the yield from Home rails of all denominations ranges from 4 to 6 per cent. The reasons which have led to this shrinkage in quotations are well known. There is first the market position. Some of the fall is due to "bear" operations; then the rise in the price of coal has led to the belief that net earnings must be seriously affected; and above all, there is the dread of the long threatened strike, and the ever growing working expenses. On the other hand, gross receipts are showing, the Brighton Company only excepted, substantial increases. It is not likely that the price of coal will get much beyond the present quotation. The increase in working expenses is being checked more or less, and the labour difficulty may well be exaggerated. It is true that the ballot of the men will, it is pretty generally agreed, be in favour of Mr. Bell. But after the ballot there would have to be strike notices, and these would more accurately indicate the temper of the men. At present an amicable arrangement seems distant, but a general railway strike would be such a terrible blow to the interests of the country that it is reasonable to assume that in due time influence will be brought to bear on both sides which will succeed in bringing about a settlement.

Stock.	Highest of 1906.	Present price.
Caledonian Ord.	120¾	85
Great Eastern Ord.	91½	63⅜
Great Northern Def.	48⅞	33⅜
Great Western Ord.	144	115
Hull and Barnsley Ord.	50	48¾
Lancs. and Yorks. Ord.	110¾	93
London and N.-Western Ord.	163½	132½
London and S.-Western Def.	57½	39½
London and Brighton Def.	141¼	75¾
Midland Def.	74¾	55¾
North Eastern Ord.	147½	131¼
South-Eastern Def.	55¾	30¾

On the whole, and although it is possible there may be even lower quotations than those of to-day, our readers who are looking for gilt edged investments may safely be recommended to purchase Home Railway stocks at their present quotations. Take, for example, London and North Western's at 132½. That means a yield of over 5 per cent. It is many years since there was a similar opportunity.

MASHONALAND DEBENTURES.

Those interested in Mashonaland Railway Debentures seem at last to be getting an inkling of the truth as to their value or rather the lack of it. A week ago the quotations for the two Mashonaland issues stood at 69 and 68. As we write they are quoted at 56½ and 54½ respectively, showing a fall upon the week of 12½ and 13½. The Rhodesian Railway issues again have dropped heavily. A week ago the 5 per cents. were 79, and the 4 per cents. 67½. As we write they are 67½ and 57½ respectively, showing a decline upon the one of 11½ and upon the other of 10. Even the present quotations seem to us greatly above value. A few days ago an official statement was put out from which we take the following :—

> The manager of the Mashonaland Railway, Mr. Wibberley, returned to South Africa by a recent steamer. Mr. Wibberley also superintends the Rhodesia Railways, other than the Vryburg-Bulawayo section, which is worked by the Cape Government under arrangements made by the late Mr. Rhodes.
>
> The directors of both systems have taken advantage of Mr. Wibberley's presence to have an exhaustive discussion with him as to the feasibility of reducing working costs, rendered necessary by the continued depression in South Africa. As a result, considerable economies have been effected, and will take immediate effect without, it is thought, any loss of efficiency.
>
> As an additional precaution—and after consultation with some of the large bondholders—the directors have also secured the services of Mr. C. C. Harvey, who has been very successful as President of the New Orleans and North-Eastern and its associated railways. Mr. Harvey leaves for Rhodesia on the 26th inst. with a view to examine and report on the working of the entire system of railways in that territory, and especially as to the possibility of stimulating traffic in fresh directions. Meanwhile, Mr. Henry Birchenough, C.M.G., one of the directors both of Rhodesia Railways (Limited) and of the Mashonaland Railway Company (Limited), who is at present in Rhodesia, reports that he has seen his way to make reductions in rates that should lead to increased traffic.

We have no doubt that the directors had a very instructive conversation with Mr. Wibberley, and we have just as little doubt that Mr. Harvey will write an interesting report. It is interesting, too, to know that Mr. Henry Birchenough sees his way to reductions in rates, and the only observation upon that is that it is a pity that somebody in authority did not see his way to such reductions earlier. But these discussions, and inquiries, and promises, really amount to very little. So far as the railway north of the Zambesi goes, how can it possibly pay within any measurable distance of time? It would never have been built but for the tale of mineral deposits which were to show enormous profits upon working—a tale no longer credited after the Broken Hill lead zinc failure. And as for the other railways, they cannot flourish in Mashonaland any more than railways can flourish elsewhere without trade and population, and you cannot have trade without population, which in Rhodesia is at present insignificant, and shows no tendency to increase. Meantime, where is the money to come from to pay the interest on the Debentures? True, they are guaranteed by the Chartered Company, but people will soon be asking how long the Chartered Company will be prepared to meet the guarantee. Anyway, so far as earning power is concerned, the position is pretty well hopeless.

THE ANGLO-SPANISH COPPER CO., LTD.

A correspondent complains of the difference between the statements of the prospectus of this Company issued last January, and those in the report of Messrs. Charleton Dickinson and Co., Mining Engineers, who were sent out to report upon the property, and whose report has just been forwarded to the shareholders. The differences in the statements of fact as to the value of the Copper proposition taken over by the Company are striking. The Anglo-Spanish Copper Co., Ltd., was formed to acquire a copper and silver mining property in Huelva, Spain, and in reporting upon the San Vicente Mine—one of those to be taken over—Mr. W. R. G. Rivington stated: "There are two strong bodies of copper ore containing in places a width of 26·50 feet and assaying up to 4·68 per cent. of copper," and with regard to the Fronteriza Mine, Mr. Rivington gave a table of "typical analyses" from the account sales of cargoes of ore and assays made by the late M. Claudet and other assayers, the copper in the ore assayed ranging from 2 to 17·33. Further, in his report, Mr. Rivington quotes Mr. George Scott as to the richness of the copper in the ore assayed, and himself wrote that "the returns from the three shipments

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—PAGE DAVIS ADVERTISEMENT SCHOOL (Dept. 62), 136, Oxford Street, London, W.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 337 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork," London.—ADVT.

of copper ore clearly demonstrate that the mines will yield a good return of copper." And then there was an estimate of profits which, taking copper at £63 per ton, worked out at £67,150 per annum.

So much for the prospectus statement. Now we have the report of Messrs. Charleton Dickinson and Co., and the substance of it is that so far as the Fronteriza property is concerned, "owing to its situation and other reasons, it will, we fear, be always a difficult proposition to handle. Only high grade ore is likely to stand the cost of export." As to the San Vicente "it is quite possible the San Vicente may produce a large quantity of ore suitable for local treatment by washing and cementation" (which is a *very* cheap process given favourable conditions), "provided the mine is further developed to a sufficient extent in depth, a matter which time alone can prove."

There is nothing for it, so far as we can see, but for the shareholders to await developments, but those of our readers who may hold shares, and can get rid of them, will, in our judgment, be well advised in doing so.

Owing to contraction in the wholesale business, and increased cost of commodities, the Aerated Bread Company made only £68,000 net profit last year, as against £80,500 for the previous year. But the dividend remains at 7s. 6d. per share. The announcement left the quotation unchanged at 6¼ per cent.

NEW ISSUE.

Messrs. Frederick J. Benson and Co. invite applications for £600,000 Swansea Harbour 4 per Cent. A. Stock at 97 per cent. The stock already in existence is quoted at 98¼-9, and as the new issue will get a full half-year's interest on July 1st next, while the final instalment is not payable till May, the actual price works out at about 96½. This stock may be recommended. During the last ten years the net tonnage of vessels using the port has increased 56 per cent., imports and exports 74 per cent., and net revenue 76 per cent. When the works now in progress are completed the harbour will be one of the best equipped in the kingdom, and able to deal with a class of trade it is at present unable to take. The interest upon the present Loan is amply secured. The lists close on Thursday.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—H. McC. (Stirling).—Don't trouble yourself about market movements. You have an excellent investment, certain to appreciate as time goes on. A. B. (Camberwell).—This company is a limited company and its offices are at 67 and 68, King William Street, E.C. Your friend's case is a very hard one, but it does not necessarily follow that the company is liable for the value of his trunk put down the hold of the *Lake Manitoba*, and since gone astray. Before entering upon litigation your friend might make another attempt to get the company to do something in the matter, and if the company finally refuse we advise you to take legal opinion before going to the expense of a summons; otherwise it may be a case of throwing good money after bad.

J. R. ROBERTS STORES, LIMITED.—F. B. (Newgate Street).—We do not think you would gain anything by sending your money to Mr. H. Clench for the purpose of meeting what he calls his "out of pocket expenses" in connection with his attack upon the Board. The two circulars from him which you send for our inspection are not of a kind to suggest that he is a person at all likely to assist in restoring the fortunes of the company. He admits that he only holds twenty shares in the company, which he bought as late as August last, and for which he gave 40s. The directors state, and we do not find any denial in Mr. Clench's circular letter of October 19, that previous to the commencement of this agitation Mr. Clench made overtures to the Board "to appoint him director, or to find him other remunerative employment, overtures which were not for a moment entertained." There is nothing dishonourable in an application of this kind, but when it is made by a man with a very insignificant interest in the company, and the refusal of a seat on the Board is immediately followed by an unrestrained attack on the directors, we think other shareholders had better have nothing to do with the person so acting.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—H. H. (New Southgate).—Your information as to the Bank is correct. It makes the high return upon its capital stated by us because it does a usurious business. M. M. (Aberfare).—See previous answer. F. C. O. (Hall Green).—No, there is no liability upon a depositor. It is the other way about.

TWO COMPANIES.—M. (Thurso).—We should not advise purchase just now of the shares of either of the companies you name; but since you have them we should hold.

RUBBER ESTATE AGENCY, LIMITED.—RUBBER (Old Broad Street).—The reply to your question is in the negative.

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED.—GAN (Millwall Dock).—We think you had better hold. They will probably recover later on.

PREMIUM BONDS.—A.P.H. (Bournemouth).—The Bonds you name are as good as any others.

BRITISH COALITE, LIMITED.—H. P. (Babbacombe).—We should sell for what you can get. We question whether the company will ever earn dividends. Anyway, the shares are of a very speculative character. As to refusing to pay calls, they could be enforced if you continue to hold shares, unless you are prepared to prove misrepresentation which, quite conceivably, you might do, but which would mean a big action at law. F. S. (Birmingham).—See previous answers.

RUBBER COMPANIES.—REGULAR READER (Bromley).—You should limit your investments to companies which have already shown by the payment of a dividend that they have valuable properties. There can be no doubt that for some years to come the rubber companies recently formed, which are moderately capitalised, well-managed, and have a good area of rubber-bearing trees, will do well; but, of course, in time, increased cultivation will bring down the price of rubber just as it has brought down the price of sugar and tea and even of cocoa.

FURNESS WITHY.—A. S. (New Barnet).—We do not anticipate much immediate improvement.

DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE COMPANY.—G. F. (Avonbridge, N.B.).—We have read your letter and considered the letters sent your friend by the Dereham Road Cycle Company, of Norwich. It does not seem to us that he has any ground for civil action, much less for criminal proceedings. No doubt the statement in the first letter of the company, in which the conditions of payment are named, is worded in a way that may mislead a person who does not read it carefully, but it does not justify the charge that it is intentionally misleading. What it says is that the machine will be sent when all the instalments are paid; what your friend assumed it to say was that the machine would be sent upon the receipt of the first payment. The company left him in no doubt as to their meaning, because in their second letter they make it so plain that your friend determines not to continue the remaining payments and to demand back the deposit. Seeing the company stated that payments not kept up will be forfeited, we do not see how he is to enforce that demand. We return your papers.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—H. B. S. (Barry Docks).—Better have nothing to do with them.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—A.T.C.H. (Birmingham).—You ask how many men have "time to thoroughly examine the conditions under which this company issues its Bonds." The answer to that is that if a man has not time to make himself acquainted with the conditions of membership of any company, or society, he should not join it. He has no legitimate ground for complaint if the conditions are different to what he imagined them to be, always assuming that they are plainly stated. Mr. James H. Richardson, of South Ella, Belgrave square, Bridlington, would be obliged to "W.H.," Sunderland, if he would send him particulars of the £300 certificate he has for disposal. W. W. (Bradford).—The certificate, upon which £92 has been paid, should be worth buying at £53 10s. For the rest, we do not like thirty year Bonds. Who amongst us can tell what may happen in thirty years, and if circumstances make it desirable for the holder of a certificate to sell it, as in the case of your friend, a heavy sacrifice has to be reckoned with.

THE SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.—H.T.B. (Bradford).—We are not much in love with this kind of company.

DUNDERLAND IRON ORE COMPANY.—A.A. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—If you can afford to put the ordinary shares away for three or four years and forget them, they ought to be worth buying at their present low price. The company is engaged in what may almost be described as a national work, in trying to utilise low-grade iron ore in Norway by the Edison processes. Various difficulties have to be reckoned with which have delayed progress, and it would have been more satisfactory if at the recent meeting directors had given information as to the price at which they have sold the actual shipments made, and what profit, if any, the price leaves. The Board is composed of practical and influential men. They have a large capital behind them, and if it is at all possible to bring the company to a good dividend-paying position they are the men to do it. We are hopeful that they will succeed, but success is not as yet assured, and if you buy any of the shares you should do so with a full sense that you are running some risk of losing your money. On the other hand, you may find these shares a highly profitable investment by-and-bye.

TWO PETROLEUM COMPANIES.—L.C.G. (Hastings).—There can be no doubt that both companies have very valuable properties, more especially the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company, and with good management they ought to be highly prosperous with oil at its present price. Unfortunately the policy of the present Board of the latter company leaves very much to be desired, and until wiser counsels prevail we see little hope of a return to the old prosperity.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM COMPANY.—E.B.T. (Cradleigh Heath).—We have your letter and have read it with attention, but we prefer not to go into the very personal matters to which you refer. W. H. (London).—We must refer you to recent issues of JOHN BULL, in which we have given considerable space to explaining the position of the Company. You must draw your own conclusions from the data supplied. We may add that the statements of discharged servants should be treated with great reserve.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—G.W. (Wakefield).—How can we send you "particulars as to its solidity and square dealing"? All we can say is that we believe it to be a company that deals fairly with its customers.

ANNUITY.—E. K. (Willesden).—Yes, we think several pounds more might be got by your friend.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—J.H. (Wimbledon).—There would be no difficulty in putting the £100 into shares that would give you from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. upon the basis of present prices and dividends, with fair security.

COPPER SHARES.—J. F. (Glasgow).—As to whether copper shares will fall further, that depends upon whether the price of copper has touched bottom. As to that the experts differ, but the probabilities seem to us to point to further decline in the price of copper. The best mines can work at a profit at considerably lower prices than the present, whilst consumption in America is not likely at present to do much towards lessening accumulated supplies.

HOME RAILS.—CAUTIOUS (Folkestone).—Perhaps you had better keep out of them. North-Western at 132, Midland Pref. at 61, Great Western at 115, Great Eastern at 64, should be good to buy, but, low as they are, railway stocks may see lower prices if the labour trouble becomes acute. Anyway, for one of your apparently anxious temperament, railway stocks had better be avoided just now.

"£5 TO PRODUCE £5,000."—A. E. (Glasgow).—You say you are "only a working girl" with £1 a week, and you want to know if it is worth your while to act upon the advice of a leaflet written by one Harold Coutts, and found in the *Novel Magazine*, which advises its readers to buy Premium Bonds from the International Securities Syndicate, and heads its advice "Investing £5 to Produce £5,000. How Small Investors May Make Fortunes." Have nothing to do with the people who give you this advice, or with any others who promise you a fortune. Keep such savings as you may be able to make in the Post Office Savings Bank. They will come in handy by and bye, and meantime, if the interest is small, the security is of the best.

MORTGAGES.—IXION (Stratford New Town).—We really cannot undertake to explain to you "how the business of a mortgage is worked." If you have property you want to mortgage instruct a respectable solicitor, and he will see it through.

FARROW'S BANK.—W. D. M. (Bedford).—We see no good reason why you should not have a current account with this bank, except that it offers, so far as we know, no advantages not to be got from opening an account with one of the great joint stock, or other leading banks.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—F. C. (Uxbridge).—If you are not likely to want to part with the shares you might do worse than buy. Of course, the lack of a Stock Exchange quotation affects their value, it being difficult to sell shares not quoted, however sound the concern may be.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—J. J. H. (Hartlepool).—You need be under no apprehension. You are insured in a leading company.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

A.D.1796

Swansea Harbour Trust.

ISSUE OF

£600,000 SWANSEA HARBOUR 4% ("A") STOCK.

Price of Issue, £97 %

Messrs. FREDK. J. BENSON & CO. are authorised by the Swansea Harbour Trustees to offer the above **£600,000 Four per Cent.** ("A") Stock for Subscription, on the terms of the Prospectus dated Oct. 25, 1907.

Copies of the Prospectus, with application Forms, can be obtained from:—

The Capital and Counties Bank, Limited (Bankers to the Trustees), 39, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or any of its branches; or

Metropolitan Bank (of England and Wales), Limited, 60, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches; or

Martin's Bank, Limited, 68, Lombard Street, E.C., or any of its Branches; or

Fredk. J. Benson & Co., 11 and 12, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; or

The Clerk, Harbour Offices, Swansea.

Prospectuses and application forms may also be obtained from the Brokers—

Laurence, Sons and Gardner, 13, Copthall Court, London, E.C.

Joseph Sebag & Co., 13, Copthall Court, London, E.C.

or on the receipt of a Telegram addressed to "FREBENCATE," London.

I desire to apply for..... ("A") Stock. Please forward me prospectus and application form.

Name.....

Address .....

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

A good story is told concerning the rapid rise of Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., in his profession. It was during the recent Liverpool Assizes that Mr. Justice Bigham's attention was arrested by the new municipal buildings. Adjusting his eye-glass, and taking a survey of the palatial pile, his Lordship is reported to have observed, "Mr. F. E. Smith's new chambers, I presume?" It should be mentioned that until recently Mr. Smith practised almost exclusively at the shipping capital.

Speaking of Mr. Justice Bigham, that learned judge, one of the ablest and least popular on the Bench, has been sitting during the present sittings as a Lord Justice of Appeal—who of recent years has seen a Puisne sitting there?—and it may be taken that upon the next vacancy he will be moved upwards. The Liberal lawyers must be feeling a little sore with my Lord Chancellor. Mr. Justice Bigham is a Tory of the old sort, and his promotion, if and when it comes, will be another illustration of the peculiar open-mindedness of Lord Loreburn, who, after the Tories have had nearly 20 years of legal patronage, and at any rate during the major portion of that period allowed political considerations to influence them to an unusual degree in their legal appointments, oftener than not appoints Tories to the fat berths, highly competent Liberal lawyers being passed over in favour of Tories in no way more capable or competent.

Hearty congratulations to Lord Loreburn—who, however eccentric in some of his recent political actions is a good fellow at bottom—upon his approaching marriage with Miss Hicks-Beach, a daughter of the member for Tewkesbury, and a granddaughter of that thorough type of the old-time Tory, now almost extinct, Lord St. Aldwyn. A good deal has been said lately about heredity on the Bench. It is much commoner than is generally supposed, and there was never a time when more sons of judges were practising at the Bar than at present, many of these sons being very able barristers with considerable practice. We must, however, go back a long time to find an instance of a Lord Chancellor marrying during his tenure of office.

In sending us a resolution passed by the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Committee of the Humanitarian League the secretary makes the following very true statement:—"The position of the imprisoned debtor is, in some respects, not so good as that of the common criminal. Until the moment the committal order is issued the debtor is treated as a civil offender. He is tried by a civil judge, and sentenced in a civil court. But as soon as his arrest is effected he becomes (in a sense) a criminal, without the rights of the latter. A criminal can appeal to the Home Secretary, and will receive a free pardon or remission of sentence if he can show that his conviction is wrongful. But the debtor has no such appeal, though in the eyes of the law he has committed no criminal offence. The Home Secretary cannot knock off a single hour from the debtor's sentence, and I doubt whether he has any power to release him for ill-health, or for other urgent reasons. Nor can a debtor appeal to the County Court Judge. Yet he is not tried with the same care or given the same benefit of the doubt as if he were charged with a crime. The County Court should have the same power of liberating a debtor under the First Offenders Act, or otherwise moderating the severity of the law as if he had been charged with a criminal offence."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLICITORS ("Landed," London).—We cannot undertake the responsibility of recommending solicitors.

UNDATED I.O.U. ("Ogwen," Islington).—As more than six years have elapsed, you cannot now recover the debt.

SCHOOLMASTER AND INSURANCE AGENT (G. R. B.).—It depends entirely upon the terms of the agreement between the educational authority and the schoolmaster.

INCOME-TAX (G. C., Hyde).—There is no such provision. The tax must be paid in full. You are perhaps thinking of an arrangement under which the Commissioners pay their collectors a special commission for getting in the tax early.

ACCOUNTS OF LIQUIDATION ("Justitia," Darlington).—You cannot require copies, but you can see the originals on application. You have no remedy now against the official liquidator. You should have objected before he got his release.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Is Theatre-Going Too Dear?

The interesting question of whether the price of seats at the London theatres is too high has been raised again by the preliminary puffs organised by American Manager Whitney, who has just taken, and shortly will open, the Shaftesbury Theatre. Mr. Whitney has ideas about the London theatres. For one thing, apparently, he regards them as too English, for he talks of "Americanising" them. Myself, I think many of them are too American already, and many others not English enough. I think also that Mr. Whitney understands London even less than most of the American gentry who have come over to alter it according to the best models of New York, Chicago, and Shenectady. For example, Mr. Whitney imagines that he has struck a great scheme in the matter of the Shaftesbury stalls, which are for the most part to be sold at five shillings apiece, and to be disposed of to the first-comers, whether they are in evening dress or not. Some of the Bowery youths who run a certain section of the London press, and are as ignorant of English ways and prejudices as Mr. Whitney, have been led to accept these propositions as novel. Of course, they are nothing of the kind. If you pay your ten-and-six you can go into the stalls of any London theatre, so long as you are clad decently, whether it be in "the garb of a waiter" or in "the customary attire of an English business man, churchgoer, or bridegroom." At the Opera, in the Grand Season, you must dress, as the lady said, *de rigueur;* at no other place of amusement in London at any time is good money turned away in obedience to a custom that may be looked upon as snobbish or desirable, according to the point of view of the critic.

Dress at the Play.

Evening dress suggests, at least, that its wearer has changed his clothes for dinner, a custom prevalent among most central Londoners of fair means. Playful philosophers have tried to make out that the ceremonial has a mental as well as a physical significance; that with his garb of commerce the Englishman puts off his business worries, and, with the livery of evening pleasure, becomes a new and gayer creature. I have not observed the change myself, nor do I agree that dress clothes were originally the outcome of considerations of comfort or convenience. Surely they are a survival merely of more elaborate uniform; they represent a tradition; they are customary. Such things hold hard on to the ordinary well-to-do Englishman, and, quite apart from its simplicity, which appeals to most of us who wear evening dress at all—despite our eternal difficulty with "that confounded tie"—the dress suit will require much more than an American theatrical manager's determination to dislodge it from respectable favour. The truth of the matter is, that we feel uncomfortably conspicuous at a smart restaurant or a leading theatre, among well-dressed women and brilliant lights, if we are arrayed in anything but the costume of convention. So that, when after business we have no time to dress, we dine quietly round the corner, and drop into a "semi-stag" show of the variety type for a smoke and a loaf afterwards. Many men are so particular in these matters that they would as soon eat their dinner with their fingers as lounge about the Empire promenade in a morning suit. When a foreigner—and, notwithstanding their lingual resemblance to the English, the Americans are foreigners in London—when a foreigner, I say, attacks an elderly English prejudice, he is up against a very baffling obstacle, and he is wise to go slow. The lower middle-class of women of this country form the bulk of the audiences in the upper circles, the pits, and the galleries of our theatres, and they like to see a well-dressed house, just as they like to see a well-dressed stage. If they do not get both at the Shaftesbury, Mr. Whitney may lose money.

The 5s. Stall.

Again, on the question of the five-shilling stall, Mr. Whitney is curiously at sea. The Lyceum Theatre has five-shilling stalls; they used to be all five shillings each when Messrs. Carpenter and Smith began their venture. But the Libraries—who sell the greater part of the higher-priced theatrical tickets (and sometimes speculate in them heavily)—would not retail five-shilling stalls, and so the Lyceum stall prices were put up. I understand that the charges for other parts of the house are to be raised also, although much has been said of Mr. Smith's intention to produce musical plays at another West End house "at popular prices." The facts of the matter are these: Our theatre managers, like the rest of us, are a rather conservative and very long-suffering people. They pay too large rents—the London ground-landlord has them in his clutches as he has us—and too large salaries to the "stars" of the profession. They are hedged about with endless regulations and restrictions as to what they must and may not do. They co-operate too little in some matters and compete too little in others. Above all, they harbour an absurd idea that a theatre would lose prestige if it lowered its prices for one sort of show and raised them for another; they ask us to pay as much to see a kind of variety bill at Terry's, which costs very little indeed to produce, as for an elaborate production at His Majesty's. In any other line of business this would be deemed ridiculous; and it is. But the public seem to like it, or they refrain from saying loudly that they do not like it; and when the most revolutionary of reformers is brought face to face with the commercial points of the situation by a solid managerial person—as Mr. Bernard Shaw was by Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, shall we say?—his various weird propositions for conducting "an ideal theatre" seem to run out of his boots with great dispatch. In short, Mr. Whitney, when he offers us at his American Comic Opera Repertory Theatre stalls for five shillings a time, may find that the Libraries say they must be sold at seven-and-six, or half a guinea, or nothing; whilst the public may (as I do) consider the ordinary American musical play as very dear at any price.

Americanising Paris.

These Yankee adventurers in strange waters do not lack hardihood: that we must all admit. There is Manager Savage, to take another instance. He is possessed of the astounding idea that Paris will want to see and hear "The Prince of Pilsen" in French; and he is going to waste his money in putting it on at that peculiar Olympia which is in the City of Light. Mr. Fred Wright, jun., and Miss Madge Lessing will be the only non-French artists in the cast, but—and after all, I am not sure that Mr. Savage will lose his money when I come to think of this—there will be thirty-two English and American chorus girls and show ladies, sixteen of each nationality. We all know how susceptible our French neighbours are to the "entente," and if "The Prince of Pilsen" does not interest them (and they are queer fish if it does) the embattled skirts and discreet swish of sixteen selected American virgins, and the soft smiles and rhythmic evolutions of an equal number of innocent English maidens may do the trick. No, I am not certain that Mr. Savage will drop his pile at the Paris Olympia. If he does not, he will present in due course at the Cigale, in the same diverting city, another American work of art, called "Woodland," with a curious French title, which must have been invented at Sherrys, or in Auvergne. Anyhow, I wish Mr. Savage all the luck he deserves in France; and Mr. Whitney all the fortune he can make in London.

The Pig and the Press.

The degraded level to which alien influence on the London Press has reduced some of our journals is lamentable; and in no respect is it more remarkable than in the attitude of certain editors toward the queer stuff, mostly twaddle, known as "Stage Gossip." It is quite legitimate that the public should be interested in the doings of our public entertainers—whether professional or parliamentary, lay or clerical—and that the Press should cater to this demand. But latterly the thing has passed all reasonable bounds, and surpassed the wildest dreams of idiocy. Paragraphs that tell us something of new authors, or of promising actors or actresses, are welcome; many sane, educated men might be excused for desiring to know a few facts about the author of "Irene Wycherley"—Mr. Anthony P. Wharton's real name, and the way he earns his living, for example; I am interested myself to know, on journalistic authority, that Mr. Somerset Maughan is a grandson of one of the founders of the Incorporated Law Society; and so on and so forth. As a sample of the vanity gone mad of our great actresses—and Sarah still divides with Duse first honours in the race—it was amusing to read of Bernhardt's refusal to use the remote stage door of the New Royalty, and her insistence on entering the house by the most prominent stairway. But who on earth cares whether Mr. J. V. Esmond has had to bring a pig into his next play to attract the public; or that Mr. Cyril Maude is having one reared especially for the production at the Playhouse? Yet one paper actually sent down a representative to some village in Sussex to interview the pig. I hope the gentlemen liked one another. There is much temptation to intellectual comparison and Scriptural quotation in the incident. But I curb my natural ferocity.

P.

OUR LIMERICK COMPETITION. See page 413.

HUMOUR.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

It is distinctly humourous to observe that humour is always being glorified by people who possess absolutely none themselves. In illustration of this theory I may mention a series of papers, appropriately entitled "At Large," written by Mr. A. C. Benson, in some magazine. He asserts with a great deal of posturing that humour ought to be raised to the highest rank among the Christian graces. Why Christian? I wonder. What has Christianity to do with humour?

Christianity and Humour.

Very little, Mr. Benson admits, for when Christianity was first making itself felt, the one necessary quality was vehement earnestness, and people who are vehemently earnest are not usually quick to perceive the humourous side of things. But, being at large, Mr. Benson argues that, as Christianity is now firmly established, it can afford to indulge in a sense of humour. I do not know what form this is expected to take. Are all preachers to imitate Father Vaughan and jest in the pulpit? Are we to have comic songs in the place of hymns? And how about practical jokes in the intervals of prayer?

Mr. Benson says that by humour he does not mean irresponsible merriment. But what is irresponsible merriment? How can merriment be anything else, except perhaps in the mouths of some politicians and other public jesters, who solemnly set out to be pawky?

Incongruity.

One reason why humour is an inappropriate concomitant of religion is that humour implies incongruity, while religion aims at perfection. Heaven, we are told, is an absolutely perfect place. How then can there be anything incongruous there? How can there be any opportunity for laughter? Remember that those of us who are attempting to make the world a perfect place are presumably endeavouring to remove all incongruities.

To formulate a philosophy of merriment and laughter I suppose we should find that they are always generated by the perception of something unusual. If we see a German in a ridiculous green hat, or a Frenchman reminiscent of Noah's Ark, or any other freak of nature, we are convulsed, particularly if we find them in surroundings which afford a contrast. Thus a Frenchman on a boulevard provokes much less mirth than in Piccadilly or a hunting field, and when we have seen him several times in any of these positions, custom dulls our ridicule. Like a joke which has been repeated many times he becomes a chestnut, he merely bores instead of amusing us. Take the case of those weird creatures who go about in sandals and loose robes as living advertisements of what they call the simple life. When they first appeared, all the small boys followed them and people turned round to gaze at them in wonder. But after they had been at large for a few days or a few weeks, no one troubled even to smile at them.

Again, the Salvation "Army" attracted derision at first. After a while it was taken for granted, and now it is almost an institution. It has nearly lost its saving incongruity. Consider also the average public entertainer. He depends for his success upon presenting whimsical situations. When he stands upon his head or hits a colleague in the belly, we are amused because we are not accustomed to see people behave thus in ordinary life. But when he has gone through his antics a score of times the novelty wears off and we begin to yawn.

Unconscious Humour.

This is, perhaps, the finest humour of all. Children and theologians, being very simple folk, are full of it. Dr. Macnamara, one of the minor ministers of the Crown, has almost become celebrated by recounting experiences of children, collected when he was an usher. Anything unexpected which happens in church is always welcomed as a huge joke and retailed with great gusto even by the most reverend person. If a bird or a bee occupies the lectern, there is almost as much hilarity as was produced in the House of Commons by the incursion of a black beetle. That black beetle, it will be remembered, inspired the egregious Mr. Lucy with volumes of drivel. Of course the only excuse is to be found in the fact that a trivial incident affords comic relief in a solemn assembly. Similarly the infantile (or elephantine) wit of judges causes a cachinnation in Court. In the same spirit Mr. Benson has detected what he calls "the ghastly humour of Milton," who "makes the archangel say to Adam that astronomy has been made by the Creator a complicated subject, in order that the bewilderment of scientific men may be a matter of entertainment to Him." I should not be surprised if there were people so abandoned as to find amusement in the Athanasian Creed.

National Humour.

The fugitive character of humour is exemplified by the fact that what convulses one people says nothing to another. The ancient Greeks were supposed to be wonderfully witty, but anyone who has had to wade through their comedies at school will vote their best flashes almost half-witted. If anyone were idiotic enough to produce one of Aristophanes' plays to-day, he would be bankrupt in next to no time.

Take also modern French wit. Only those people who delight in indelicacy for its own sake will find the faintest excuse for a smile. After all, anybody can be indelicate. Indelicacy is not even so difficult to compass as vulgarity. I am afraid that French humour died with Voltaire.

Germans, of course, have even less humour than Scotsmen. About once a year a funny picture may appear in *Fliegende Blaetter*, of a rough and uproarious character. I remember, for instance, a picture of an old lady bending down to pick up a pin in her drawing-room. A stout gentleman came in, mistook her for a cushion, and sat down heavily. But as a rule the paper is not even so amusing as *Punch*, that terribly futile attempt at manufactured buffoonery. I have studied all the comic journals of the civilised world, and I have come to the conclusion that there is none which can make me smile, no, not one.

Yankee Humour.

Proceeding to the uncivilised world, I have not fared much better. Yankee humour depends entirely upon the use of unsuitable language or wild exaggeration. Thus, if a Yankee wishes to say that someone travelled very fast, he will compare him to greased lightning, though why any mirth should be provoked by the stupid suggestion that the application of a lubricant would accelerate an electric discharge, I am unable to conceive. If exaggeration be funny in itself, I suppose that it becomes funnier and funnier according to its development. If it would be witty on my part to say I was a hundred years old, it would surely be much funnier to assert that I was a thousand, and a really screaming farce to suggest that I might be a million. All American humour fails because it is as strenuous and deliberate as President Roosevelt.

Suppose we wanted to joke about a man's age, we should be well advised to go to the innocent natives of India. A friend of mine who was out there shooting, asked a shikari to guess his age. The man pondered for a little and said, "A hundred and fifty." My friend, who was about sixty and liked to be taken for forty, related this incident as a good joke to the Rajah with whom he was staying. "What a very stupid man," said the Rajah, "I should not have given you a day more than ninety-nine."

British Humour.

There is a great deal of native wit in England. A 'bus conductor may generally be counted upon for a quip, a cabman for a repartee, and in crowds you may notice that people of very ordinary appearance are quite quick with their tongues. Interjections at public meetings often have a point, and at least one under-secretary may be trusted to put all men to confusion. The British, I think, have a natural wit far superior to that of the Irish, which depends upon mere absurdity. But literary wit at the present day is very difficult to find. The distinguished humour of Swift and Disraeli has only been kept up by one or two, and we have to make shift with the stupid vulgarities of Jerome K. Jerome and Kipling, and other artless persons of the same liver. W. W. Jacobs sometimes contrives to amuse us, the author of "The Lunatic at Large" provides excellent farce, and one or two Scotsmen have the faculty of diverting us. Wee M'Gregor and the immortal MacPeever are an ever-present help in time of depression. But a generation which can maintain the circulation of *Punch* cannot be regarded as a master of the witty arts. However, I am quite satisfied in reflecting that the British excel in spontaneous humour, but prefer to be serious when they embark upon literature and politics.

The Largest Cheque Ever Drawn for a Limerick Winner was

FOR THE WINNER OF

SAMUDA'S

FIRST LIMERICK COMPETITION.

SAMUDA'S SECOND GRAND

LIMERICK

JUDGES.

Mr. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, *Editor of the "Strand Magazine."*

Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*

Mr. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

FIRST PRIZE A Freehold Furnished Country House with Pony and Trap, and £2 a Week Guaranteed for Life.

CONSOLATION PRIZES—

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ANOTHER GREAT PRIZE.

In response to the wish of a large number of Competitors in our first Limerick, we have decided to commence a second great Limerick Competition, under the same fair conditions as governed our last. We now offer as a first prize the most attractive reward ever offered for public competition. What is the ambition of most people? A freehold country house with an income to keep it up! That is our first prize! The winner of Samuda's second Limerick Competition will be the proud possessor of a pretty house in the country, every brick of which will be his own, and in addition a guaranteed income of £2 per week for life, which will enable him to live in it.

A HOUSE COMPLETE (FURNISHED BY WARINGS).

By a house, Mr. Samuda does not mean a bare, empty house. It will be a pretty, well-kept, country villa, standing in its own grounds. The interior will be decorated and artistically furnished throughout by Messrs. Waring—kitchen, hall, dining, drawing-room, and bedrooms, with everything conducive to home comfort. Table linen, crockery, household utensils, bed-linen, draperies—all are included. The house contains every modern improvement, including bathroom, hot and cold water, electric light, etc. All you have to do is to win the prize, and the house will be ready for you to live in complete in every particular. And not only that—in the grounds the winner will find stable and coach-house; inside the stable a smart little pony, and inside the coach-house a neat little trap with harness complete, just ready to drive himself or herself and friends about the surrounding country. As all this would be of little service without an income, Mr. Samuda completes this desirable prize with the addition of a comfortable income of £2 per week for life, the payment of which will be guaranteed by a well-known Insurance Company.

A PRIZE WORTH WINNING.

This is certainly a prize worth straining every nerve to win. Some people may be better off, but the winner would always be well-to-do, supplied with home comforts, everything to make life prosperous and happy. Should you be thinking of getting married, the difficulty of saving and waiting is at once removed. If you are a worker in a crowded town or city, you can exchange your lot for ease and comfort in the country. If you are middle-aged and have earned a title to retirement by a lifetime of work, this prize means an easy evening of life in restful and peaceful surroundings. A nice country house, comfortable home, pony and trap to drive you about, and a regular weekly income, sufficient to support yourself and family for the rest of your life. Can anything be better or more complete? It should be remembered that the pension of £2 per week for life is a full £2 per week for necessities! A clear income, because you will be living rent free all the time.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the manufacturer of the well-known "AVOCA" Cigars, Cigarettes, etc., and for many years he has been determined to produce a high-grade quality non-injurious Virginia Cigarette at a popular price, to meet the requirements of the million. After extensive experiments the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes were placed on the market, and the only difficulty was to find a method of quickly and inexpensively bringing them before the notice of the public. Mr. Samuda therefore decided to establish a Limerick Competition, feeling confident that every customer buying a sample hundred or so would in future be a regular smoker of the "Traylee" Cigarettes.

CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all).

A FINAL WORD.

Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay at least 2s. 6d. per 100, and as the "Traylee" Cigarette is certainly superior in quality to any other sold at this price, each Competitor gets full value for money, and his chance to win this huge prize or one of the 50 cash consolation prizes does not cost him a single penny. Every smoker therefore should try, as a matter of course, for it costs him nothing. Those who do not smoke should also try, and give the Cigarettes to some friend as a Xmas Gift.

THE JUDGES—ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a Special Competition and not a weekly one, every attempt submitted will be classified by a competent staff, and the winning lines carefully selected by a committee of three well-known literary men having no connection with Messrs. Samuda's.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

1. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, Competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.
2. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the *Westminster Gazette* on January 10th, 1908.
3. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
4. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheques will be posted on the first of each month afterwards. The title-deeds to the house will be immediately handed over to the prize-winner.
5. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.
6. Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included.
7. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional penny stamp when sending in their order.

..... *CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.* .....

ENTRY COUPON

(X JOHN BULL 1.)

Address Envelope— ....., 1907.

The Limerick Committee,
c.o. J. SAMUDA & Co.,
34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a competitor.

Full Name ..... (Please

Postal Address ..... write

Town ..... County ..... clearly.)

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

There's a Cigarette commencing with "T."
Its full name is Irish, "Traylee,"
It's Samuda's, the best,
Of fine leaf from the West

.....

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

If more than one last line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/8, including postage. Further entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Mr. Watson Rutherford, M.P.

Dear Rutherford,—You are a Tory member—with a majority of 1847, even against the flood tide of Liberalism, so you can afford to play the giddy goat. Here you are issuing "A Democratic Tory's Programme," which is enough to make the faithful blaspheme. Motor-car Taxation, Railway Nationalisation, Payment of Members, Reform of the Lords, Adult Franchise for both Sexes, Public-Houses to be made respectable (!) with chairs, tables, and games (!!!), Abolition of Casual Labour (!), Compulsory Arbitration, German System of Town Planning, Hours of Labour regularised, Crime to be treated as a disease, Compulsory Closing of Slums, Education Rate transferred to Exchequer, Limitation of Aliens, Site Values Taxation, Labour Minister, Old-Age Pensions at low cost by compulsory child insurance—anything else in a small way? Oh, yes. "Extra revenue for such programme to be provided by Tariff Reform." Are you feeling quite well? You appeal to Liberals and Tories alike to "dish Socialism" by accepting your little lot. "Dish" the Socialists! Why, it's a whole crockery-shop of an offer! Haven't you forgotten anything? Free airships, Marriage with your Uncle's Aunt, and so on? The Social Democratic Federation looks tame in comparison, considering you are a pillar of the Constitution, and all that sort of thing, whilst they are only menacers, freebooters (and shoers, too), free lovers and livers, and spell God with a small "g." But let me see: *Their* little parcel contains "Abolition of the Monarchy"—you are not taking any? H'm, well—"Repudiation of the National Debt"—how's that? Not in? "Cumulative tax on incomes over £300?" Got more than £300?—Ah, well, we'll show you something else. "Establishment of State Pawnshops and Restaurants?" Look here, my boy, you must swallow these, you know! Of course, no sane person can explain why you should have to hypothecate your chronometer, when you can sling your girl into the Savoy or Carlton, and do yourselves proud to music for nix's, and may sit in your shirt sleeves. "Standing armies to be abolished" is another item in your rival's list. There are a few other little trifles, but I won't worry you with them. Don't you think, however, you are putting rather a strain on Tariff Reform? Still, you are a brave soul, and I begin to like you—although I *did* once call you a rude name. Never mind. Cheero! it's all in the game.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. D. Wilson, Farmer, of Cretingham.

Dear Sir,—It is simply amazing that any Bench of Magistrates could be found in the twentieth century to fine you £5 for dealing out rough-and-ready justice to one of the sanctimonious, oily-tongued scoundrels who go about wrecking British homes in the name of religion. This precious "Saint" and "Bishop" was one Samuel Cole, a farmer, like (and yet unlike) yourself. If he is a sample of the "Go-Preachers," the sooner he acts up to his title the better. The sympathies of every mother and father will go out to you. To bring two innocent young girls up to womanhood, and then to have them enticed away by a hollow mockery of religion would almost excuse murder, let alone "threatening and breaking windows." He refused to tell you where your daughters were, except that they "had gone out preaching, according to the Scriptures." I trust he will find his accusation against you—"You are a persecutor of the Saints"—true in substance and in fact. The earth will be all the better when such vermin are cleared off it. Yours does not seem to be the only family which has suffered, as I learn other homes have been broken up in the district by this fanatical mob. If there are not enough sturdy arms in Suffolk to deal out a receipt in full for that £5 fine in the proper quarters, then I pity Suffolk. What with Agapæmonists, Mormons, Go-Preachers, Shakers, and all the rest of the hideous crowd of sensual sneaks, it is time we had a Gospel of Manhood. Would you like to borrow my whip?

JOHN BULL.

To the Trustees of the British Museum, London.

Gentlemen,—Just a line to ask whether you will be willing to receive the mortal remains, when provided and if suitably preserved, of His Honour of the Southwark County Court for exhibition. My reason for the inquiry is that His Honour, in the course of a case he was trying the other day, remarked, "Ah, a tube railway, is it? I have never seen one yet. It may be a very excellent thing, but I prefer the open air. I am told you go down below." It seems necessary in the interests of posterity that a judicial personage who has never seen a tube railway should ultimately have a permanent place in the national collection of curiosities. On receiving your favourable reply I will at once communicate with His Honour with the view of making adequate arrangements. I do not anticipate that there will be any difficulty about the label.

JOHN BULL.

To Mdlle. Miropolski, Palais de Justice, Paris.

Ma Cherie,—Sweet and twenty, I am sure your call to the Paris Bar will be welcomed by the "maitres." You have language—at all events I never yet met a woman who hadn't—and language is the main qualification for success as a barrister. Even in England, if a barrister has a lot of language he can get on with a very little law. And England, unlike France, is not a land of the visible emotions; the more delightfully you talk to a French jury, the more certainly they will respond to your music. The heart of a Frenchman hangs on vibrant strings. If you fiddle on them for all you are worth, it is a hundred to one you get the verdict you want, especially if you will gaze earnestly on them with liquid eyes, and make dainty gestures of appeal with your lily white hands. You say you are ambitious to defend just causes. Ma chère petite, all causes are just when you get a brief for them. They only cease to be just when you don't win.

I do not know why the Inns of Court will not admit women to the Bar in England. In my opinion, every career which is open to a man should be open to a woman. With one or two obvious exceptions, of course. I don't want to see women armed with a gun, or manning the yard arm, or anything of that sort. But as women may qualify as doctors, for instance, why should they not become barristers and parsons? There are some nice old ladies on the Bench and in the Pulpit already, and there is no reason why they should not have more company. That the Benchers of the Inns will have to admit women sooner or later I have no doubt. All women cannot stay at home and nurse the baby, because they have not all got one. But meanwhile they can learn to cook, and I suggest that cooking offers to them a career until such time as the gates of freedom in England are opened wide. I know of no nobler aim than that of improving the digestion of a great nation.

JOHN BULL.

To Horace George Rayner, H.170, Parkhurst Prison.

Young Man,—You seem to take a rather light view of the value of your own life. I will not dispute it with you. Let me point out, however, that you are still a young man, that the years hold hope even for the worst of us, and that even you may find something more than waste amid the wreckage when the time comes for you to take the strands afresh in your hands. The public saved you from a terrible fate that you might live, not that you should make an end with your own hands. "Death," you say, "has no kind of terror for me." Apparently not. But life is a greater thing than death, and to face it at its worst needs a greater courage. What says *Rabbi Ben Ezra?*:—

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain,
> Strive and hold cheap the strain.
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

You've done your deed, Rayner, so take your punishment; take it like a man; strive for better things like a man, and hope for better things like a man. There was a sufficient wrong behind that awful crime of yours to compel sympathy. Let that sympathy bear you up even behind the iron bars of your loneliness and isolation. The end may yet be better than the beginning.

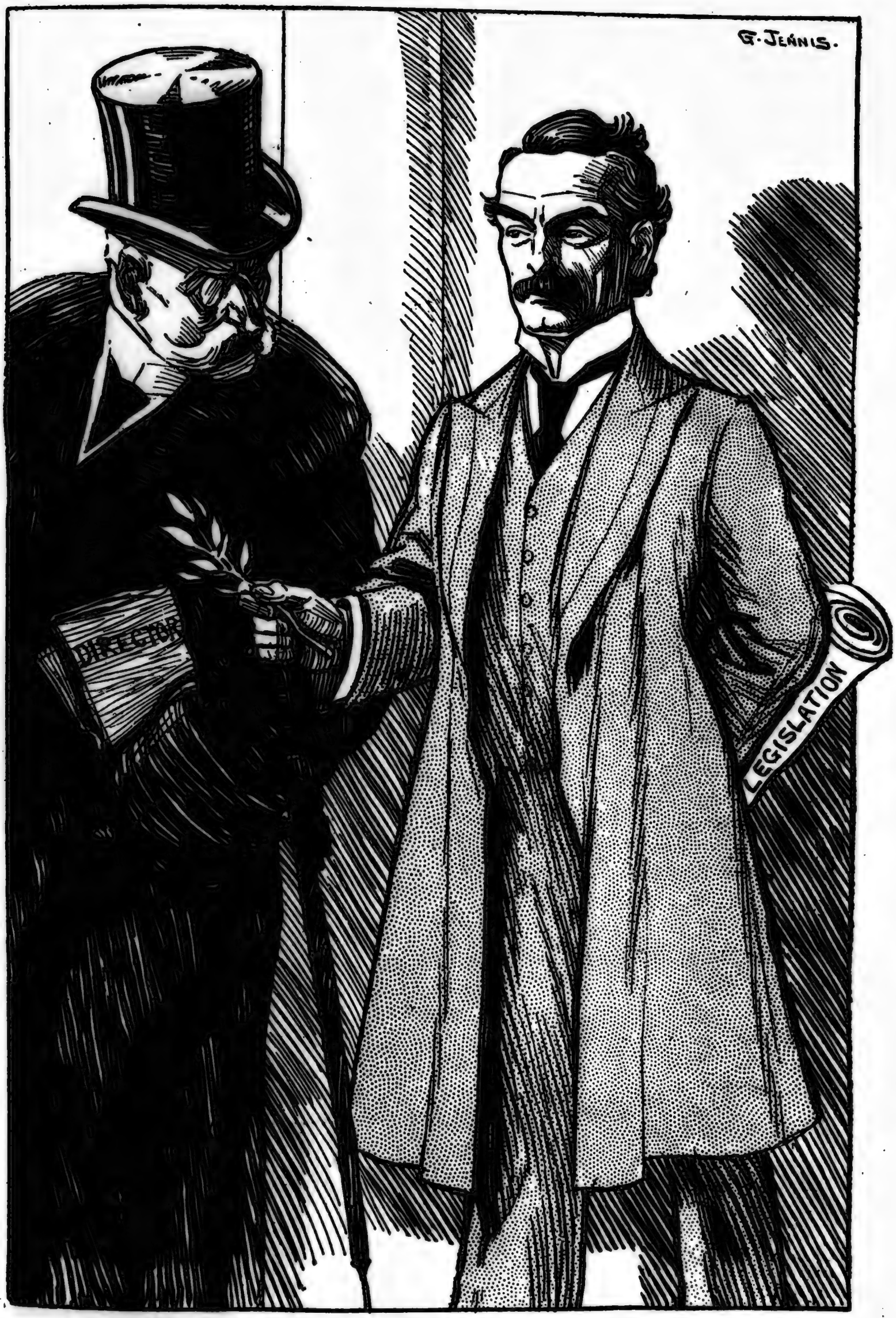
JOHN BULL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We shall next week commence a striking series of articles under the heading of

"JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY,"

giving a totally new reading of the Scriptures, and showing how ecclesiastics and theologians have for centuries misread, misquoted, and misunderstood them.



SUAVITER IN MODO.

OUR JUDGES.

VI.—LORD JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

By a Barrister-at-Law.

The most essential requisite for a good judge is that he should be a sound lawyer, but it is almost as important that he should be a gentleman, kindly, firm, and courteous to all, from the Attorney-General to the newly-fledged junior. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams combines in his unique personality all these qualities, and the result is that he is respected and admired by the legal profession and the public, while his judgments are relied upon as being sound and satisfactory. The Right Honourable Sir Roland Bowdler Vaughan Williams is the son of the Right Honourable Sir Edward Vaughan Williams, who was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and was born in 1838. He graduated at Christ College, Oxford, and joined Lincoln's Inn, where, having duly eaten his dinners, paid his fees, and passed his exams., he was called to the Bar, Michaelmas term, 1864, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit. A year later he married Laura Susanna, a daughter of Mr. Edmund Lomax, of Netley, Surrey. His legal attainments procured him a good practice at the Bar, and he was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1889. Unlike many of his brethren on the Bench, Sir Roland never sat in the

The Right Honourable Sir Roland Vaughan Williams.

House of Commons, and served neither political party. Instead of using his time in speaking at political meetings and fighting elections, he kept busy in the Courts, and when not there was deep in the mysteries of the Law, writing a work on the Law of Bankruptcy, and jointly editing a work written by his father, which has been a standard text-book for many years, "Williams on Executors." When, therefore, promotion to the High Court Bench came in 1890, on the death of Mr. Justice Manisty, it came by reason of sheer legal knowledge and forensic ability, and not of party service or political wire-pulling.

Subsequently Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams was appointed to preside over the Court having special duties in winding up companies and in commercial cases. Here the Judge soon showed his sterling qualities and profound learning. His firmness, courtesy, precision, and legal grip won for him and his Court a high reputation. When later on there was a proposal to remove him for other duties to another Court, there was a great outcry among the profession and in the Press against the proposed change, which consequently was never made, and Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams presided over the Court till his promotion to the Court of Appeal on the resignation of Lord Ludlow. Here he has maintained and increased his reputation as a sound lawyer and an able Judge. He is a quaint figure, both on and off the Bench. In the Court of Appeal he reminds one somewhat of a judicial figure stepping from the canvas of the eighteenth century. The massive and deeply-lined features are surmounted by the judicial wig, beneath which is seen the long clusters of grey hair. His peculiar manner of looking around at his learned brothers when he makes an observation in the course of a legal argument, and the slow speech when delivering judgment, during which the head and neck are jerked slowly backward and forward, all mark the characteristics of the man. He patiently listens to the personal litigant. Often in the Courts persons with a real or imaginary grievance pester and worry the judges with their repeated and often pointless applications. Frequently they are shortly and sternly repressed, but Lord Justice Vaughan Williams listens patiently and explains in detail the legal position of the particular matter. An instance of this occurred recently, when the Lord Justice fully dealt with a matter to two lady litigants in person, explaining his anxiety that they should not think their case had been hurriedly dealt with, as, said he, a sense of injustice might rankle and spoil the enjoyment of life.

Men, like things, are not always what they seem, and there is every excuse for the individual who, meeting the Lord Justice divested of his judicial attire, should refuse to believe that he held any such high position. His short jacket, and trousers sometimes turned up over his boots, give him an ungainly appearance. Barristers, in their social moments, after descanting in admiration on the learned lawyer's legal attainments, will tell you a funny story about him. It is to the effect that one summer's afternoon, some few years ago, he for once decided to act the part of a society man, and to return calls which had for a long time deserved observance. He duly made his way West, and rang the bell at several houses in one of the most fashionable squares. The season was well advanced, and it so happened that none of the people he desired to visit were at home. But the watchful policeman was on the alert, and noticing the seedy-looking man glancing at the curtained windows and still hanging about the steps, promptly arrested him on the charge of loitering with intent. The victim's allegation that he was a Lord Justice of Appeal only confirmed the energetic constable's suspicion, and the sergeant at the police station dismissed the suggestion

MEDIÆVAL METHOD OF CURE-ALL PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR.

NO SUCH THING AS A "CURE-ALL" RESTORATIVE.

Loss of hair to a woman is a tragedy, to a man it is in the generality of cases an excessive inconvenience.

In a lesser degree this is also true of such disorders as oncoming and premature greyness, scurfy deposits amongst the hair, and an irritated condition of the scalp.

It is for this reason that a very large number of people, men and women, have written to Mr. Warner Oliver, the well-known specialist on the hair, for presentation copies of the excellent treatise he has written on the subject, and copies of which he has agreed to send free of all charge to every reader of John Bull, who is interested in the matter, and who writes to him for it, at 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

This book, which is illustrated and lucidly written, neither puffs nor advertises any hair-restorative whatever, nor does it advocate any particular course of treatment. But it does give a complete history of the hair, its requirements, its enemies, its mode of life, and it shows the reader what he or she must do if he or she wishes to keep it in health and free it from disease.

"Baldness, Greyness, Scurfiness and other hair disorders," says Mr. Warner Oliver, "are usually curable by the use of sensible methods, but these methods must be individual and scientific ones. The so-called 'cure-all' preparations, either intended for internal or external use, do far more harm than good. The only remedy for hair disorders is Individual Treatment."

After reading the book we have mentioned you will be convinced of the truth of the above observations. This treatise by Mr. Warner Oliver thoroughly explains the nature of each hair disorder and shows what treatment should be adopted in each case. It will be found invaluable to all sufferers from Baldness, Greyness, Scurfiness, Scalp Irritation, and other hair ailments, so that every reader of John Bull is advised to write at once for a free copy to Mr. Warner Oliver, Consultant on the Hair, of 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

All applicants are asked to mention whether they are Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or titled, in order that the book may be correctly addressed.—Advt.

with the remark, "Ah, we've heard that sort of thing before." It was not till nearly midnight that the learned Judge's identity was established. No punishment was meted out to the too officious officers—perhaps none was merited, if appearances should be the criterion of a person's reputation.

The fact is, the learned Lord Justice is so much occupied with the law and his one pet hobby that he has no thought for such a secondary matter as dress. His one hobby is farming, which he carries on at High Ashe Farm, Abinger, a delightful spot in Surrey. His critics will tell you that his agricultural handbooks are Virgil's Georgics, and his bankers, did they reveal secrets, would probably tell you that the profits have not been remarkable, but all the countryside would agree that Sir Roland is a delightful old gentleman, and as earnest in his work as any working farmer among them. He has often driven his own milk cart to the station, and, to do him justice, has thoroughly looked the part.

All this, however, is only one side, and that the least important, of a most remarkable character. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams is so good a lawyer that it may be said he does justice to his ancestry, and praise could hardly go higher. His grandfather was one of the most famous of the serjeants-at-law practising a century or so ago. "No man," said Lord Eldon, "ever lived to whom the character of a great common lawyer more properly applied than to Serjeant Williams." Nor was his father less eminent. "The mind of Edward Vaughan Williams," once said Mr. Justice Willes, "is like a bell—there is no flaw in it." Roland Vaughan Williams therefore came to the Bar with a great reputation to maintain. He attempted to do it by genuinely hard legal work. When, in 1890, Lord Halsbury made the burly barrister a judge, it was recognised that the Bench would have the addition of a real lawyer. Vaughan Williams' style at the Bar had been peculiar. "Old Roly Poly" he was called by his familiars, and the name arose from the extraordinary rolling of his body from side to side as he addressed the Court. The phrase, "Man! thou pendulum," was never so truly applied as in his case. Beginning slowly—and Vaughan Williams' delivery was always deliberate in the extreme—he swayed from side to side with each sentence, the swing becoming more and more rapid as his argument neared its end, till towards the end there was a very definite motion right or left for practically every word uttered. On the Bench the same mannerism is still observed, but is, of course, less noticeable, as judgments are delivered while the Judge is seated.

But whatever may be the mannerism, there can be no question about the matter of his judgments. They have to be heard to be appreciated. The superior law lord who said that every judge of a court of first instance should be polite, slow, and wrong, would have found the first two-thirds of his requirement fulfilled by Vaughan Williams, though he has very seldom been wrong. The words of his judgment come out so slowly that they can be almost recorded in longhand. He is fond of parenthesis, and often of parenthesis within parenthesis, and you often forget his nominative before he reaches his verb. Not so with the Judge. What sounded a jungle, as you heard it, is sound, clear, and logical argument as you see it in type. The profundity of the reasoning may sometimes bother you, the language in which it is conveyed will never do so.

It is this slowness of utterance which has sometimes irritated his comrades. A criticism by Lord Justice A. L. Smith has been repeated in several forms, of which the following is the proper version. Soon after Smith was made Master of the Rolls he was asked how he was getting on, "Oh, well enough; but there's Vaughan Williams. He generally begins by saying he has only a few words to add; and then he goes on to pour a steady trickle of cold water down my back for the best part of an hour."

That the able Judge may live yet many years to add to the strength and dignity of the Court of Appeal is the hope of all.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Deadly Cigarette." By the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, D.D. (London: James. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

Real fanatics are always good company, and this little book may be commended to anyone who wants a good laugh. It is dedicated to the author's son, "who is pledged against smoking, drinking, gambling, and swearing." Note the order of the vices, for Dr. Henry evidently considers cigarette-smoking the most desperately wicked habit on earth.

> Defective home life, the spirit of insubordination, gambling, drunkenness, profanity, and lying, all act and re-act upon the morals of the rising generation; but no habit is more destructive to the purity and promise of child-life than the use of cigarettes. Many believe this curse to be more deadly in its ravages upon the lives of children than even that of drink.

And here is a delightful piece of logic:—

> That cigarette-smoking has something to do with leading a boy into crime seems to be proven by the fact that of the 90 boy criminals who were arrested and locked in gaol within six months in Kansas City, all but two were victims of the cigarette habit.

As they were probably every one of them bread-eaters, we may therefore argue that eating bread conduces still more certainly to crime.

> Captain Wyman, of the Tenth Police Station, explains matters thus:—"We have been compelled to arrest several school-going youngsters on charges of burglary, and the only reason I can possibly assign for their criminal actions is that they have become cigarette fiends, and in order to satisfy their depraved tastes they take to stealing. It is deplorable, but it is true. It is practically a gang of school-boy bandits, and their downfall is traceable to cigarettes." Dr. Bremer, of St. Louis, says:—"The boy who smokes at 7 will drink at 14, take morphine at 25, and wind up with cocaine and crime at 30."

Note how wonderfully precise we are about the stages of this road to ruin.

> According to the *Homiletic Review*, in a trifle more than one year the New York papers, in their daily grist of news, published these horrible facts concerning the cigarette:—Thirty young people were driven insane; twelve were inspired to robbery by cigarette smoking; six committed murder; three were killed by excessive smoking; two fell into convulsions through cigarette smoking, and one was smitten with blindness, making a total of 60 crimes and casualties directly traceable to the deadly cigarette.

Our author goes on to say that "tobacco owes its evil properties to a heavy oil which it contains, known as nicotine. . . . The smoke of tobacco is used for destroying green flies and other pests in green-houses. It is clearly a deadly poison." Yes, to green flies, and doubtless also to the various poisonous microbes which prey upon man. "A cigarette contains enough nicotine to kill two frogs. A single cigar contains enough to kill two men." Yet oddly enough, I have actually known one man who has smoked a whole cigar and is still alive. The fact is, as any physician will tell you, whatever nicotine there may be in tobacco is destroyed by combustion, and only infinitesimal quantities remain in the smoke. Our author goes on to say: "The trouble with the cigarette is the inhaling of the smoke. If you blow a mouthful of the smoke through a handkerchief it will leave a brown stain. Inhale the smoke and blow it through the nostrils, and no stain will appear. The oil and the poison remain in the head and the body." To begin with, the brown stain obtained by blowing smoke through a handkerchief is not nicotine, but tobacco juice. Any smoke passed through a handkerchief will leave a stain. And the suggested experiment does not bear out Doctor Henry's contention. I have tried it myself, and found a much deeper stain after inhaling.

The book is further ornamented by delightful cartoons and poems. There is a picture of six small boys who have evidently been playing football. One idiotic-looking little prig is unctuously saying "No!" to an offer of cigarettes, and the amusing thing is that the smokers look much more healthy and sturdy than he. As for the poetry, this verse is too good to be lost:—

> "Little boys
> Who want to live,
> To cigarettes
> Wide berth must give."

What I should like Dr. Henry to explain is this: Seeing that practically all civilised men are smokers, how is it that there has been no serious deterioration of the human race since the discovery of tobacco?

"The Purloined Prince." By Edgar Turner and Reginald Hodder. (London: Sisley's, Ltd.)

This book is quite amusing in a small way. The Prince of Montara is negotiating about the renewal of the Casino concession. M. Le Brun, the actual director, cannot come to terms with the Prince, so he determines to kidnap him with the aid of two Oxford undergraduates, who have lost their little all. During the captivity, a Socialist revolution breaks out, supported by the American Consul. There is some fine fighting in the Casino, and the Prince is restored chiefly through the agency of a dozen young men from Trinity College, Dublin. It is not a serious story like one of Anthony Hope's, but it is cheerful and good-humoured, and may safely be taken on a railway journey.

"The Genteel A.B." By A. J. Dawson. (London: E. Grant Richards, 1907.) Mr. Dawson belongs to the school of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Though not so funny, he affords us some merry moments, and he seems to be fairly well acquainted with nautical matters. His description of the book as a "trifle of spun-yarn" is fairly appropriate. The coloured pictures are poor.

"Bettina Beguiled." By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. (London: Cassell. Price 6s.)

Imagine the slenderest and thinnest of short stories spun out by means of very large print and very wide margins, and a pink framework on every page. This book will be even more flimsy than anything which you can expect; still, it is not bad within its limitations, particularly when we remember that it is of Yankee extraction. A young man is on a platform and sees a pretty girl, and she notices that he has a red carnation in his button-hole. She has been told to expect someone with that adornment, so she smiles at him and he smiles at her, and the boat is going, so she takes him by the arm and hurries him off, and gives him to understand that he is the friend of her brother Tom. He is very conscientious and does not quite like it, but he puts off the explanation and she introduces him to her friends and they enter the train. Just as he is about to make his explanation at last, there is a railway accident. He is picked up half dead and carried to her house; the misunderstanding is explained, and after he has been at death's door all comes right. Some of the characters are very uninteresting, but as they are all Yankees they are probably very life-like. I am more annoyed with the publisher than with the author, for I have never seen such an inflated little book, and I cannot understand how anyone dares to offer it at the price. At the utmost, it contains material for a short story.

"Three Years with Thunderbolt." By Ambrose Pratt. (London: Constable, 1907. Price 6s.)

I have always felt a tenderness for Ambrose Pratt since I read that wonderful book of his about the "push" experiment, showing up the utter rottenness of Australians. That was exceedingly clever, and he showed all sorts of ingenious qualities which, unfortunately, have not reappeared in his subsequent books. The glamour of his previous writings has always hung over me, and whenever I see a book announced in his name I clamour for it. But I am afraid he is like "single-speech Hamilton," who made one speech in the House of Commons, established a reputation, and then made no other. Unfortunately, Mr. Pratt has not been so silent. The present book pretends to be only edited by him. It is the story of a bushranger in Australia who was not as other bushrangers are. He was the very, very mildest man that ever cut a throat. He had been crossed in love or something when he was young, and naturally he had taken to crime. The alleged author of these reminiscences had a cruel stepfather, and immediately fled into the bush. His adventures sound rather tame, and the whole atmosphere is rather that of a nursery governess than that of a gentleman who cries "Stand and deliver!" The two comrades are always mawkish and snivelling when we expect them to be swashbucklers.

This is the kind of thing: The youth asked the old bushranger to tell him the story of his life. Naturally, the old bushranger hesitated. His companion said, "Not unless you wish to, Fred. I don't want to make you unhappy."

Again, "He wrung my hand and said to me, with tears in his eyes, 'Bill, old man'—just that, and nothing more. But I shall never forget his look and tone, or how my heart went out to him."

OUR Limerick Competition.

See Page 413.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Hints from Japan on Home Decoration.

I wonder if the Japanese who have formed part of the attractive Japanese village now closing in the Earl's Court Exhibition, will be glad to get back to their own mild and sunshiny native land again? Among them was an old man whom visitors used to address in a friendly manner as "Grandpa." He was an artist, and was accustomed to somewhat belie his venerable appearance by lying flat on the floor while he did his exquisite little pictures. It is curious to remember how very recently Japan has made itself known to the remainder of the world, and adopted what we call civilised habits. It was only a little over thirty years ago that its legislators solemnly decided it was advisable that Japan should move with the times; and, as a preliminary, they arranged that a certain number of their young people of high family should be educated in various European countries. The Japanese statesmen who arranged this realised that their policy would probably fail unless they saw to enlarging the outlook of the women as well. Accordingly, a number of Japanese young ladies were sent over to Women's Colleges in America. The wife of Marshall Oyama, the Generalissimo of the forces in the recent Russo-Japanese war, was one of the first girls to receive this wider education. Doubtless "Grandpa" at Earl's Court can well recollect the discussion this new departure must have evoked in old Japan.

Already the Japs are beginning to lose many of their characteristics. At the last exhibition of Japanese workers held here about twenty years ago, my mother tells me that it was quite usual for the vase or bowl or other article that was being decorated to be seen held and twisted and turned as needful between the sinewy brown feet of the worker, both his hands being devoted to the artistic labour. Not one of the workers at Earl's Court this year adopted that practical method. But they have obviously not lost their genuine love of beauty. Each shop in the Earl's Court village has been provided with a little vase to be kept filled with two or three choice blossoms of one sort or another, at which the worker took a refreshing peep every now and then. A large mass of flowers is quite opposed to Japanese ideas of beauty. They esteem the shape of a plant or blossom as one of its chief attractions, and, of course, this is almost lost in a bunch. They carry out the idea of making the most of individual objects of beauty in the decoration of their homes. An entire wall will be given over to showing to the best advantage one exquisite picture, "All the fairer for the oneness," as Mrs. Browning says. It was on the same principle that a Japanese mother-in-law took away the trousseau with which her son's English bride came provided, and would only permit the poor girl to have one dress at a time for wear!

The Merits of Evening Dress.

A plebiscite is to be taken by the Savoy Hotel as to whether its patrons prefer that evening dress shall continue to be compulsory for the diners. Unquestionably, if costumes associated with other pursuits are allowable, evening functions run the risk of losing a large proportion of their brilliant aspect. It is a more important personal question for men than for the fair sex. It is comparatively simple to contrive an evening-dress appearance for a lady, but a man has no choice but to effect a complete change of attire from head to toe. No doubt he often finds this a great bother—poor thing! But if he only realised how becoming a dress suit is to masculine beauty, he might be more patient. Moreover, the *Lancet* declares that it is most beneficial for a man to get out of the garb he has worn at business all day, and to put on a get-up that is associated in his mind with his hours of leisure and relaxation. The moral effect of clothes is recognised, and it is easy to believe that to change the costume makes a more decided break between the time for work and the time for play.

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

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See page 413.

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PEN

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That Mr. Balfour is giving up golf for diabolo.——That the omnibus companies want a railway strike.——That R. J. Campbell's second initial stands for "Judas."——That the high price of wheat is good for the loafers.——That the Autumn Session of Parliament is greatly missed.——That the L.C.C. tram experiment is being followed with interest and shows a capital return.

Sir John Bell is the new Lord Mayor. Will he follow the example of his predecessor, and be always a-pealing?

A tablecloth used by the great Duke of Wellington has been lost in the wash. Even linen has its Water-lose.

The Rev. C. J. Racey, of the United Brethren Church, Winchester, Virginia, has just performed his second wedding ceremony in twelve years. What are the Dis-United Sisters thinking about?

It is stated that silver screws are now used for fixing broken bones. Gives us quite a turn.

"We must pretend sometimes, or could we live at all?" asks *The Lady*. No doubt that is why so many people dye.

"We always give our friends chloroform when we tear them to pieces," says G. B. Shaw. Anæsthetic view.

According to Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, the Press takes too much notice of clergymen. They are over-Vaughanted, in fact.

Because a fortune-teller predicted that he would one day become a great poet, a New Jersey couple have decided to christen their son Longfellow Milton Tennyson Burns Browning Browne. An Ex-Austin name.

The negro pall-bearers of Washington are organising a trade union. Members of the profession refusing to join will be called "whitelegs."

Mr. Thomas Beecham conducted the New Symphony Orchestra at a Queen's Hall concert recently. It was worth a guinea a box.

A London traveller, eighty-eight years of age, has been awarded £21 for dismissal without reasonable notice. "There's none 'at beats t' young 'uns bar t' owd 'uns."

At Colchester, a man of eighty-one was fined for being drunk and disorderly, and told "he was old enough to know better." Perhaps he is in his second childhood?

London Opinion says Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., is an "ardent Tariff Reformer, and a most successful romancer." Very happily expressed.

The "kite-flying cure" is stated to be the latest society craze. But "flying kites" has been a "desperate remedy" in the City for generations.

A pulpit has been erected outside Christ Church, Brixton Road. The vicar will now be able to air his views.

Mr. Bell, M.P., says Lord Claud Hamilton "seems to have hit Mr. Lloyd George on the nose before he meets him." The amazing strike has begun.

A Clewer woman has hanged herself in the wash-house. She knew where to draw the line.

According to the twinkling *Star*, Mr. Charles Jarrott has challenged Mr. W. L. Letts to a motor car race for £50,000. Letts tell another.

The *Spectator* anxiously speaks of a young man having run through £8,000 in as many months. We know faster young men than that. Indeed, we couldn't live on £1 a month ourselves.

Another great contemporary remarks, *à propos* Lord Loreburn's engagement, that a Lord Chancellor does not get married every day. That's so. Probably his lordship thinks twice in sixty-one years sufficient.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., is correct in stating that diabolo is one of the great crazes of the day. But so is lunacy.

"Look at my condition," explained the man who tried to annex a £10,000 tray of jewels from a window in the Strand; "I am a disgrace to the country at large." A disgrace, certainly, but not at large.

Some two hundred society weddings are to take place this month. A case of high tied.

Judge Edge considers "a moneylender's advertisement with such terms as 'no sureties' and 'no publicity,' is toasted cheese to attract mice into the trap." A rarebit of advice.

Philadelphia possesses a boy of seventeen who stands 6ft. 7in. and weighs 18st. He will be a fine fellow when he grows up.

Burglars who broke into a journalist's room in Wellington Street are stated to have thrown his papers about in disgust. "Declined without thanks."

The proposal to equip the San Francisco policemen with wireless telegraphy should, if carried out, enable the men to render signal service.

Sir James Crichton-Browne tells of factory girls who eat lemons in the hope of etiolating themselves. In an Irish factory Jim Crow found eighty, all ating onions.

At Rhyl, Sacco, the fasting man, claimed that food had been supplied to Madame La Melodee while she was supposed to be fasting. La Melodee must now face the music.

SUITABLE FAMILY TREES:—
For John Burns.—The Ash.
For Mr. Birrell.—The Birch.
For Mr. Balfour.—The Willow.
For Hunnable.—The Oaks.
For Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.—The Elm
For Lord Northcliffe.—The Lilac.
For Lord H. Cecil.—The Yew.
For Winston Churchill.—The Spruce.
For R. J. Campbell.—The Chestnut.
For W. T. Stead.—The Apple.
For La Milo.—The Fig.
For Alfred Austin.—The Bay.
For Mr. Maskelyne.—The Palm.
For Victor Grayson.—The Laburnum.
For Paderewski.—The Plane.
For Keir Hardie.—The Indiarubber.

A Haslingden doctor prescribed billiards for an injured wrist. A new form of "rest cuer."

Sir Charles Wyndham says there is an unusual chance just now for playwrights. There certainly is for right plays.

"Women are sent into the world to try men," says Mr. Plowden. And they have found them guilty.

"A man likes a girl he can trust," says a contemporary. But he likes the girl who will *trust him* more.

The Bishop of Southampton recently administered the rite of confirmation to a number of Parkhurst convicts. Confirmed criminals.

An American engaged couple have announced their intention of spending the honeymoon in a balloon. It is to be hoped they won't "fall out."

Sergeant Kyle, a pensioner of eighty-one, has just received a medal for meritorious service in the Crimea. Truly, "Everything comes to him who waits"—and lives.

The latest infant prodigy is a dramatist, and his first work will be produced shortly at St. Albans. We fancied that we had already seen plays from his pen, but it might have been his little brother's.

A woman who applied to the Church Army for assistance was found to be maintaining an army of cats. She was poor, but she had still her fine felines.

In a recent attempt to swim the Channel Wolffe was noticed to be making good headway, Stearne in front.

Rockefeller sent in his account for expenses as witness during the recent Standard Oil case, and it was found that he had considerably under-estimated the amount. He thought he was filling in the income-tax form.

It is declared that in the recent disturbances between the whites and the yellow men in British Columbia the former were assisted by the blacks. This puts another colour on the affair.

It is interesting to note, says *Madame*, how many titled nuns there are. There are also a number of titled nobodies.

At a golden wedding celebration the husband wore the tie he donned on his wedding day. Many people are wearing silk hats their grandfathers wore on their wedding day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENT.—(1) No, the piece is not called "When Nights were Cold." Perhaps the mistake arose through it being played at Wynd-ham's. Besides, look at the weather we're having! (2) No, Welch is not Welsh.

THE FOLLOWING 1,000 BEAUTIFUL
DUTCH BULBS

For the Garden for 20/- Carriage Paid.

This is the finest collection and the cheapest of the season. It turns your Spring garden into a little flower paradise, and contains: 40 beautiful Hyacinths, 60 single and double Tulips, 60 Parrot Tulips, 40 Crocus, 40 Scilla Belgica, 40 Star of Bethlehem, 60 Daffodils, 100 Scilla Sibirica, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 60 Ixias, 40 Grape Hyacinths, 40 Ranunculus, 60 Anemones, 20 Feather Hyacinths, 20 Glory of the Snow, 200 Iris Hispanica, 60 Alliums, 40 Snowdrops.

All these 1,000 Bulbs for 20/- carriage paid. Half quantities—viz., 500 Bulbs for 11/- carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz., 250 Bulbs for 6/- carriage paid.

The following 400 Beautiful Bulbs for Indoors for 20/-, Carriage Paid.

For growing in pots, glasses, boxes, &c. This collection contains the earliest and most beautiful varieties: 40 Hyacinths for exhibition, 20 earliest white French Roman Hyacinths, 60 Tulips in 20 varieties, 40 Daffodils, 20 Polyanthus Narcissus, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 40 earliest Snowdrops for forcing, 20 Scilla Sibirica, 20 earliest white Alliums, 20 Fritillarias Pewet's Egg, 20 earliest French Freesias, 20 Chionodoxa, 40 Crocus, 20 Winter Aconites. All these 400 bulbs for 20/- carriage paid. Half quantities—viz. 200 Bulbs for 11/- carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz., 100 Bulbs for 6s. carriage paid.

All Bulbs warranted to give entire satisfaction. Our firm was established in 1869. By appointment to H.M. German Emperor, and favoured with orders from Royal Gardens, Kew, Royal Regent's Park, London, H.M.'s Government Engineer, Gibraltar, etc.

REMITTANCES.—Please send cheque on your own banker, or postal orders crossed "National Provincial Bank of England."

Illustrated Catalogue Free upon application. *JOHS TELKAMP'S Bulb Farms, Hillegom-Haarlem, Holland. Postage of letter to Holland, 2½d.*

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HAIR STAIN.

ABSOLUTELY THE MOST PERFECT THAT SCIENCE CAN PRODUCE.

It is the only Permanent One-Solution Hair Stain on the Market.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Send 6d. for Sample Trial Bottle.

In order to give everyone an opportunity of thoroughly testing this renowned preparation, a special

SAMPLE BOTTLE

will be forwarded until November 30th, POST FREE in PLAIN WRAPPER, to each applicant mentioning this paper and enclosing remittance for Sixpence.

"Junon" Hair Stain is prepared in eight shades, and applicants should state shade required or send specimen of hair.

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DIRECT FROM THE HIGHLAND DISTILLERY.

Mention JOHN BULL and send 3d. Stamps to cover postage for free sample of our Fine OLD PURE MALT POT-STILL WHISKY and a copy of our Illustrated (20-page) Pamphlet, "What is Whisky?" (sent in plain wrapper), to the London Branch of the

GLEN DISTILLERY, LTD., 1, Devonshire Square, E.C.

What is your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you this week.

SEE PAGE 1.

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"BLACK & WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

Sale of Fur Coats at 1/3rd Reduction.

The remaining stock of Gustav Ellis and another Furrier.
A few of the bargains:—

5 good quality Beaver Cloth, lined Musquash, Persian Lamb Collars. Original price 15 gns. **Sale price 10 gns.**

6 Black Cloth, lined Genette, large Astrachan collars. Original price 16 gns. **Sale price £11 4s.**

4 Black Cloth, lined Musquash, large Beaver Collars. Original price 20 gns. **Sale price £14**

Also a quantity of coats, lined Hamster, Squirrel, Marmot, Beaver, Seal, &c., from **£7 10s. to 50 gns.**
Original prices £10 to 75 gns.

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Gentlemen's Department,
Piccadilly and Regent Street, W.

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Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- Tins. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in all cases a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Our readers will doubtless remember the Cricket Handbook which we distributed last Easter. We have a number of similar handbooks containing Football Fixtures and other interesting information relating to the game, and shall be happy to send a small parcel of them upon application from club secretaries and others interested.

"Tobacco" (Bayswater) says that one of the firms of "largest tobacconists in the world" is in the habit of giving the Jewish assistants a holiday on their New Year and other special fast days, but the claims of the Christians are overlooked, even on Christmas Day and Good Friday, and he pertinently asks: "Does this sound like living in the land of the free?" Our answer is in the negative.

E. S. (Walthamstow).—We have before explained that we leave our printers to commence the numbering of each issue at any figure they choose.

The *Freemason's Chronicle* is good enough to endorse our recent remarks respecting the craft.

J. R. (Bolton) and "Conservative" (Lewisham) are among the many readers who write sympathising with us in the City Solicitor's persecution, and making the suggestion that we should allow John Bullites to contribute to a fund to defray the legal expenses of fighting the matter in the Court. We fully appreciate the suggestion, which does credit to their hearts, but we hesitate to trespass upon the good nature of our readers.

J. H. T. (Edinburgh).—You should communicate with Mr. F. S. Salaman, 1, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C.

"Churchman" (Frome).—We have no quarrel whatever with the Church of England in its purely theological capacity. Our objections to it are as a political institution. If you have any doubt about our attitude from this point of view, just look up the Church's political history. As to disestablishment, you will see that at the recent Congress many leading churchmen expressed opinions the opposite to your own.

The Macdonald *Manufacturing* Coy., Ltd., of 118 and 120, New Oxford Street, are desirous of being dissociated from that swindling watch firm, John D. Macdonald Co., of Grosvenor Chambers, 96, Newgate Street. No wonder.

C. D. (Maldon).—We quite agree with what you say about "General" Booth's new scheme.

E. R. (Ventnor) is in great trouble. She saw the advertisement of "Chas. Montague," of 30, York Place, Brighton, who advertises the cure of rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, and neuralgia, and applied to him for particulars. He immediately sent some embrocation, without the particulars or price. The payment of 16s. 4d. was then applied for, and the lady received a letter starting with: "Your disgraceful conduct, after repeated applications for my account, is intolerable," and offering "to make a concession of 25 per cent." for cash by return of post, "otherwise you will be placed in the Court without further notice, as your conduct to me is inexpressible"! E. R. should hand the documents to the police. "Chas. Montague"—his real name is uncertain, he having passed under several others—is an old exponent of this trick. He is an undischarged bankrupt, his discharge having been refused in 1898 owing to his having absconded and committed other offences against the Bankruptcy Acts.

St. J. H. (Chiswick), H. C. C. (West Hampstead), and others, are good enough to call attention to the slight misquotation of Omar Khayyam, and also to the incorrect spelling of his name in our issue of September 21. This comes of being unable to see a printer's proof.

E. G. (Paris).—Thanks for cutting. We had already noticed the par.

T. D. L. (Carmarthen).—We are resuming our Judges series now that the Courts are reassembling.

S. W. (Morley) tells us that when the East Kent Hunt advertised for foster-mothers for their puppies they received the following reply:—"I beg to offer my services. I am 35 years old, strong, and very fond of children." There is no accounting for tastes.

F. L. (Wrexham) tells us about his niece, who was employed as a cashier by Messrs. Lyons at 10s. a week. She had to sleep out; 1s. 6d. a week was deducted for dinners, and her season ticket was 2s. 6d. a week. We agree that it must have been very difficult for her to live within her means.

W. H. (Malvern Links) informs us that a Blake sewer is a sewing-machine for sewing soles on boots. We thought it had something to do with the drains.

R. T. S. (Cardiff) has been going in for competitions in *Ally Sloper*. Some eight weeks ago an announcement appeared that he had won a prize of a watch. He has written three times but cannot get the watch. We join him in asking for an explanation.

B. H. (Bush Hill Park).—We are sorry that your boy should have got into trouble, but we really think that severe measures must be taken against boys who throw stones at trains. Perhaps you have also spared the rod.

J. E. P. (Leeds).—Why?

J. H. H. (Lee) says Jim Crow is a bird after his own heart. The article on liars is much to his liking. He is sure that Jim would not go so far as to volunteer a real black lie to obtain some personal advantage. On the question of ethics, he quotes a Jesuit writer who said evil is the privation of good which is due. He goes on to argue that there exist circumstances in which silence is unable to cause the concealment of a fact, and if that fact is incommunicable, there is no help but to be a splendid liar. Then again, "whoever expects a human being to speak the absolute truth under torture is a fool." We will torture Jim and try.

"ONE OF OUR READERS" (London, W.) sends a cutting from the *Tatler*, and asks if we can point out the joke. We have spent a sleepless night over it, but so far have not discovered anything funny at all.

M. L. E. (Harrow).—It is just like those offices!

J. J. P. (New Cross).—The records of Parliament show that it was on April 19 that Cromwell ordered the removal of the "bauble"—and is not that Primrose Day? We must not, therefore, dip into the biscuit tin.

"A LOVER OF FAIRPLAY" (London) writes in defence of Seymour and Whiteman, money-lenders, 32, Walbrook. We think it is sufficient to say that Seymour and Whiteman have been publicly described as "unmitigated scoundrels, who practice blackmailing as well as bloodsucking upon bank clerks, civil servants and others," and that they have taken no action to defend their characters. They also trade as "Cox and Co.," and in that name recently brought an action in the Clerkenwell County Court against a man who had applied to them for a loan of £200. They advanced £50 (upon a promissory note for £70), but failed to keep their promise to forward the balance of £150. The borrower wished to return the £50, which was of no use to him without the balance. But "Cox and Co." sued for the £20 interest (which was at the rate of 150 per cent. per annum), and the judge awarded them 5 per cent. and disallowed them their costs.

W. H. P. S. (Eltham Park).—Sorry you do not like Jim Crow. As regards Hapgood's, we made their business the subject of special investigation. Respecting the space occupied by the announcement of our Ballot Scheme, perhaps the City authorities will try to condense that for us again!

F. H. (Attleboro) congratulates Jim Crow on his surprising candour, and encloses a really clever caricature of Joseph Chamberlain, which we will certainly publish directly the right hon. gentleman is well again.

"RED SEAL" (Southend-on-Sea) is an admirer of Jim Crow, and protests against our portraits of that gentleman. He says the portraits are low, and bring us "down to the level of some cheap continental paper." He "feels sure that Jim Crow would not do such things." He is "not a T.T., but does not like to see a paper drop." Jim has also taken the matter seriously, and threatens a libel action. And we thought we had been so funny!

S. P. (Woodstock Road) is also righteously indignant. He writes:—"Can't see where the fun comes in in giving Jim a personality like that. Would like to get at you and bang all your heads for so disgracing the paper. Alas for our lost image! Put Jim on the black list now. In sorrow and anger." We beg to state that we are not a hydra. We have only one head, and it cannot be banged together. Perhaps S. P. would like to send Jim a fiver towards the costs of his libel action. Jim offers cent. per cent. on receipt of thumping damages from us.

"PHILALETHES" (Chelsea Arts Club) has read Jim Crow's essay on Liars with much interest. He informs us that Oscar Wilde wrote an article on "the gentle art of lying." Then he asks us whether it was not written by Whistler. We do not know much about Wilde's writings, but we remember a book called "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," by Whistler. Our correspondent refers Jim to Professor Flinders Petrie's "Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt," and says that an archæologist should be a pre-eminent authority on the subject of lying. Referring to Jim Crow's classification of liars, he asks where we would place the scientific witness. In the dock, we suppose? That is where most witnesses ought to be.

D. M. (London, N.E.) is another person who quarrels with Jim Crow about his reference to the Jesuits. He says that the statement is peculiarly appropriate in an article devoted to lying. Jim, however, was in the position of Dr. Johnson, who, when a lady took him to task for some mistake and asked him what had caused him to make it, replied: "Ignorance, Ma'am, pure ignorance." Jim apologises in sack-cloth and ashes, for he has a great admiration for the Jesuits.

H. J. A. (Kenilworth).—We are afraid it is out of our power to comply with your request. We are not millionaires.

C. S. W. (Bow), *à propos* our recent article on the insufficiency of school accommodation at Ashford, says: "I have been in this neighbourhood now for three weeks, and each Monday morning the schools round here are besieged with parents trying to get their children in, but we are told to wait, and, by what I can see of it, we are likely to." It is a state of things which ought to be remedied without further delay.

L. G. (Stamford Hill).—We are not authorities on Limericks.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

"SANCY" draws our attention to the fact that Messrs. J. Chapman and Co. (Chemists, Norwich), had a competition in connection with a quack medicine called Nervlettes. Competitors were exhorted to "read the conditions." The seventh condition was "the result will be advertised in the *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, and all the leading London daily newspapers." "Sancy" saw no result in any paper, and wrote to Chapman and Co. to enquire. In reply he received a circular informing him that the result had been published in the *Tribune* and various provincial papers. The fact of his receiving a circular leads us to suppose that he was not the only person to complain.

J. H. C. (Hornsey) congratulates us on our escape from the meshes of the law. He is mistaken in thinking that a new Act necessarily revokes all other acts dealing with the same kind of offence. He sends us the cutting from *London Opinion*, to which we have already referred.

X. Y. Z. (Balham) sends us two cuttings from the *Evening News* about the airship at the Crystal Palace. In one case we are told that the manager, "after welcoming the aerial navigators, invited them to lunch with him." In the other we learn that "the aeronauts received an invitation to luncheon by megaphone." Perhaps the manager always talks through one of these instruments.

C. J. A. (Southsea) says that Jim "would make a splendid reformer." He wants a biscuit for some paper which talked about teaching the young idea how to swim. But if an idea can shoot, why should not it also swim?

"AN ENGINEER" (Hornsey) sends us an enormous number of figures which are rather a tax on our poor head. It is all about the *Lusitania*. He says: "It is obvious that, had she attempted to run at full speed all the way across the Atlantic, her coal supply would have been exhausted before she reached New York. . . . It is further rumoured that the *Lusitania's* propellers had to be changed on account of the terrible vibration which they imparted to the ship, and this is not surprising, considering that the worst vibrations come from the propellers, and not from the engines. Having regard to all these points, does the *Lusitania* appear a sound commercial venture considering the trivial advantage gained in speed?" Anyhow, the *Lusitania* has served to advertise the steamship company.

H. B. W. (Birmingham) informs us that Le Queux has already written a novel about the ex-princess who recently married an organ-grinder. It would not surprise us if he were to write another one, but we hope nobody will compel us to read it.

G. E. C. (Peckham) saw an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for an outdoor representative, and upon replying was requested to call at Feltham's Mercantile Agency, Copthall House, 13, Copthall Avenue, and see Mr. H. Benson. When he did so, he was asked to deposit £100 cash security. He tersely adds, "I still hold my £100." We congratulate G. E. C., as, amongst the Judgment Summonses reported in the *City Press* a few days ago, was "Globe-Wernicke Co. *v.* Benson.—Mr. Henry Benson, trading as Feltham's Mercantile Agency, offered £2 down and £2 a month. Ordered." Mr. Benson's inability to pay for his office furniture in any other way than by small instalments does not inspire confidence. His letter paper bears the legend "Collections a Speciality." We quite believe it.

E. C. S. (Chiswick) read an advertisement of Antipon, containing a glowing testimonial as to the merits of that remedy for obesity, purporting to be given by "the eminent French physician, Dr. Ricciardi, of the Rue Marbeuf, Paris." He accordingly wrote to "the eminent physician," but has had his letter returned marked "Inconnu" (unknown). It's too bad of the French authorities not to know their leading scientists! Too much *egalite!*

W. K. (Boreham Wood) asks why the City Solicitor does not pay attention to frauds like the London and Premium Tea Co., instead of worrying us. We give it up.

"RHENANIA" informs us that he is not a woman. We are sorry to hear it. He informs us that Geneva "is rightaway up in the Swiss Alps." He also asks us what redress a shipping firm has against the *Daily Chronicle* for stating that there were floods on the upper Rhine, whereas the river is now unusually low. We will ask the City Solicitor. He further enquires whether Jim Crow really exists. If not, we wonder who writes his articles.

W. G. B. (South Hackney) paid £11 for "the International Library" and regrets his bargain. He wants us to tell him whether the "New Twentieth Century Standard Dictionary" is worth five guineas. The answer is in the negative.

THE LEEDS SAFE DEPOSIT, LTD., wish it to be understood that our recent answer to A. H. K., Leeds, in regard to the loss of certain keys did not refer to them.

MESSRS. LYONS AND CO., LTD., have not, up to the present, answered the complaint which recently appeared in these columns in reference to the conditions of work of their Trocadero wine bar attendants. Perhaps those of our readers who are customers of the firm will jog their memory.

The Manager of "The Skittles Inn," Letchworth, protests against a correspondent's recent description of his hostelry, and sends us three picture postcards in support of his contention that "The Skittles Inn" is everything which the weary traveller could desire—provided he is free from alcoholic yearnings. We must pay a visit to it one of these days.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

PEARKS'

DELICIOUS,

REFRESHING

TEA

ONE AND ALL

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

WHAT 1/- A MONTH WILL DO.

Ensure £1 a week for any Sickness.
Ensure £1 a week for any Accident.
Ensure £10 at Death.

(Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members).
Claims paid on sight.
No other Association offers such liberal terms.
Are you in a club? If so, compare Payments and Benefits.
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For Full Particulars See Page 413.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?" See page 1.

THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

XXX.—RAILWAY SHAREHOLDERS TO THE RESCUE.

Amid the multitude of suggestions which are made from day to day for dealing with a possible railway strike, that of a shareholder who writes to one of the morning papers seems to be worthy of special notice. I say suggestion, but it is really one of those brilliant inspirations which sometimes come to brave, strong souls in moments of peril. Never yet was the hour without the man, whether in the glory of war or in the horrors of peace. It must be a precious thought to the railway companies that, come what will, they have at least one shareholder who will rise to the heights of the occasion. I do not know his name, or I would mention it.

"To help the directors if a strike is declared," says this gentleman, "let all able-bodied shareholders join me in volunteering for service at their nearest railway stations." He reminds me of Sergeant Baggs. The Colonel was reviewing the regiment previous to a great fight on Salisbury Plain. Somehow he missed Baggs. "Is Sergeant Baggs here?" he cried. "Yes, sir," cried the sergeant, stepping out. "Thank heaven," cried the Colonel. "Let the battle proceed." Against shareholders volunteering at the railway stations in their thousands, Mr. Bell and his trade unionists are not going to have a chance. They are going to be beaten before they take the field, and I beseech them to sue for peace and pardon ere it be too late. If they fight, the blood will be on their own heads.

Supposing Mr. Bell calls out a hundred thousand men. What odds? As the engine drivers, guards, stokers, signalmen, platelayers, porters, ticket collectors, and the rest pop out, a hundred thousand shareholders will pop in, frock-coated, top-hatted, gaitered, perfumed, and pomaded for the post of duty. Without a moment's delay the rolling stock will start to roll as usual, and—well, I am not saying I know for certain where it will roll to, because I don't; but assuming it starts from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Pancras, Paddington, London Bridge, St. Paul's, and Piccadilly Circus early in the morning, I shall not be at all surprised to hear that it has rolled to Jericho by twelve o'clock at night. And you may take it that it will roll without me. I shall not be travelling.

No doubt the general managers of the various companies will subject their shareholders to a sort of examination before putting them in charge of the line. I suppose it will go something like this: "Name?" "Algernon St. John Beringer Cholmondeley-Cholmondeley Beauchamp-Beauchamp, Earl Brixton, Baron Piccadilly." "What has been your usual occupation?" "Dressing, loafing, and undressing." "Just the man we want to drive engine 343. Do you know a danger signal when you see one?" "Not from a milky cocoanut." "Never mind. Jump on smart and drive 343 from here to Edinburgh in three hours forty minutes. Got a stoker?" "Yes, sir—the Hon. Claude Crespigny Ffolgam Carutthers." "Good! You the Hon. Claude?" "Yes, sir." "What's your special job when you work?" "Drawing dividends and taking some of them to father." "Ever shovelled coal?" "Not a shovelful, sir." "Good! Stoke Lord Brixton's boiler, but mind you don't singe your hair. You'll want a guard, Brixton?" "Yes, sir. He's here." "What! That capacious man in the corner? Lord have mercy on us! What's your name?" "Smith, sir—John James Smith, sir." "What's been *your* job?" "Ham and beef merchant, sir." "Good! Take some ham and beef with you. Know a vacuum break from a buffer?" "No, sir." "Good again! This train will break the record if it breaks nothing else. But to your posts, my Lord and gentlemen—and may heaven reward you." Thus, one by one, the shareholders will be examined, and one by one depart. Thousands of them will never return to the happy homes they knew, and their fathers, and mothers, and wives, and sons, and daughters will in future collect the dividends, if any. But they will die in a noble cause, so let this consolation cheer their last poignant hours.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We shall next week commence a striking series of articles under the heading of

"JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY."

giving a totally new reading of the Scriptures, and showing how ecclesiastics and theologians have for centuries misread, misquoted, and misunderstood them.

RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

The Grudge Half-Crown.

No weighing fees are charged in South African racing. England please copy.

I Wonder.

What do backers mean when they speak of "standing the cat" in regard to the doings in certain stables?

Should be so Here.

Following each event on S. African race cards is a small specially-ruled space for memoranda and bets.

More Blue Ribands.

There is a suggestion of instituting an Australian Derby as well as the present A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies.

We all think so.

Did you ever meet a backer who didn't consider himself "the unluckiest man alive"? It's true, too.

Of Course Not.

Did you ever miss a horse through any cause whatever (usually not your own fault) that you intended to back, that didn't win? Instance Let Go the Painter.

I Know the Feeling.

Some Saturdays, after not "getting out" on a very bad week, racegoers return in a very moody frame of mind, with head, heart, and pocket ache.

Go to Tatt.'s First.

Tattersall's Committee decline to take cognisance of any case brought before them which has PREVIOUSLY been made the subject-matter of an action in the Law Courts.

Took Under the Odds.

If you notice it, there are rarely two races a day in which backers on the course have had as good odds as the eventual s.p.

Habit.

What a vast number of owners prefer to keep on re-registering their colours at 5s. a time each year, rather than pay two guineas for life, and have done with it.

The Old Bark, Not Bite, Adage.

Notice how some "little" bookmakers who would not lay the price to a fiver are invariably first and the loudest to shout the odds and set "the market."

Horses Wouldn't Jump Them.

A simple suggestion for paths that cross a racecourse, as at Epsom, would be that they be covered with cut grass instead of tan, the latter being more holding when struck into—especially in wet weather.

What of our "Big Pot" Violators?

If every person who transgressed Rule 178 relative to giving, or promising, presents to those having official duties in relation to horses, or to trainers, or jockeys, was warned off, according to rule, there would be VERY FEW left to go racing.

"The Talent."

Notice the different little coteries in different corners of the paddock just prior to a race—consisting, usually, of owner, trainer, jockey, commission agent, and a pal or two.

Contrasting.

How many backers ever know, or try to know, before the end of the week how they are going? In contrast the bookmakers total up after *every* race, and can tell you to half a sovereign what they have lost or won upon each event or in total upon the day or week.

Driven to it.

Little backers who would otherwise have had a "bob" on a horse with a bookmaker in their own locality now have to make it up to half a dollar and send it "across the water," which is much to the advantage of our friends the enemy quartered in Holland—and the latter country.

Drives up in a Yellow Brougham.

Mr. G. A. Prentice, the popular owner, is a Canadian, an old Harrow and Cambridge man, and now one of the biggest "jobbers" on the Stock Exchange. Prior to coming racing he was an adept at racquets, cricket, and football, although—in make and shape—you wouldn't think so now. Invariably a Beau Brummel in attire, he is a real hard worker in his business.

The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—
"Mr. E. W. Betts, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road, is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People*," *and* "*Magpie*" *of the* "*Globe*.")

Editors are Funks.

The use of the blue pencil is the ruin of racing as regards the needs and comforts of the public.

Nulli Secundus is a Case.

When horses lead work for others it rarely leaves them much good themselves.

More Liberal There.

In France the whole of the entry fees and forfeits go to the winner or placed horses.

Ask Them.

Steeplechase jockeys are experiencing some very funny rides just now, when "schooling" the young recruits to jumping.

Convincing.

When bookmakers want to assure you that their offer is the market price they usually say that they have laid the odds, or less, "to the trade."

Very Apparent.

Who is the most unpopular racing official? Don't all answer at once. Although you're sure to guess right the very first time.

The Public's Money's Worth.

W. Waugh, the popular trainer, is one of those who believe that there ought to be more than six events on any race programme—particularly on summer afternoons.

A Blue-Blooder's Failure.

Apponyi, a grandly bred but maiden three-year-old of the Duke of Portland, who broke down at Newmarket was on offer for sale at a thousand.

Is It True?

Bookmakers say that however badly a horse swerves before winning it is usually forgiven if a favourite. It is the outsiders who must not do this—especially if they chance to beat a well-backed animal.

On Top of Demure, too.

Lesbia's starting price was the surprise of last meeting. "Everybody"—all over the country—seemed on, and it promised to be a good even-money chance. The bookies who pay got "sox."

Does It Suit You, Hurst?

What executive is prepared to promote a handicap of some 200 sovs., towards which a certain prominent owner will be pleased to give a 50-guinea Cup? The idea is to create sport amongst a class of sportsmen that it is most desirable to cater for—viz., those who race for honour more than gain.

They "Improve."

If asked to name off-hand the biggest "bogies" among racehorses of respectively this and the last season one would undoubtedly allude to Lally, the failure of the 1906 Derby, and Slieve Gallion, the dethroned favourite this year. Yet these horses—with Woolwinder—stand at the head of the winning list of this season. Lally has gained nearly £12,000 and Slieve Gallion almost £8,000.

Buying Orders.

I am always having requests to look out for the pick-up bargains among racehorses for shipment abroad, and am quite prepared to give any unknown correspondent my advice as agent, but can naturally only do so on the condition that the purchases I make are paid for against shipment by the firms on this side.

Numerous "Classics."

In South American racing there is what is termed a "classic" race practically every week, the entries for the whole of which have to be made at the beginning of the season on one sheet. Immediately afterwards a book of these entries for the entire year is published officially. Nominations for all other races beyond these classics are made each Saturday for the following Sunday week's racing—thus eight days ahead.

Internationalism.

By breeding and importation our thoroughbred stock is gradually becoming representative of every nationality; and so, too, are our jockeys; not altogether "English you know." A noteworthy coincidence was the result of Gatwick's Nursery Handicap last week, in which Lucien Lyne, an American horseman, won on the English-bred Passing By, from the Spaniard Torterolo upon the Irish-bred Pillo, with Wootton, an Australian, third, Maher, the American jockey, fourth, and Higgs, an Irishman, next.

Vitality.

If we are to accept it as true that "straws show which way the wind blows," then the jumping season, which has just formally begun, has uncommon promise, for there were more runners on the third day at Sandown than any other day in the week, and more people as onlookers. Trainers of jumpers ran "whole fleets," not fancying, of course, for at present the old 'uns are not fit and the young 'uns not schooled. Some trainers, like Batho, invariably get their jumpers pretty forward early, and it is always a big advantage to go out with one or two of the "ancients" to get a line for trying the recruits to the game at home.

Horses for Courses.

This well-worn maxim is proved time after time, but only supposed to apply, or be noticeable when horses win repeatedly—as, for instance, Adansi over the Sandown steeplechase course. It would need a long reference to find how often the little horse has scored over these fences—apart from his treble victory in the Chertsey Selling Steeplechase in successive seasons, prior to which he was second to Lord Ronald in the same race. But another coincidence resulting from last week's racing was The De'il being beaten a neck for the Charlwood Handicap at Gatwick. The old horse now carried 8st. 10lb., while he had been beaten exactly similarly in the same race twelve months ago, when a light weight himself under 6st. 11lb.

Spontaneity.

There were two occurrences last week-end which went to prove the popularity of the horses themselves and the colours which they wore. I refer to the hoisting of No. 1, when Quelpart had just squeezed home for the Sandown Great Sapling Plate, a loud "hurrah" greeting it. But that was nothing to the ovation accorded to a really very moderate performer in the selling steeplechaser Adansi, who on the Saturday had no sooner jumped the last fence safely and well in front for the paltry selling steeplechase than the "huzzas" began and continued until he passed the post. It was sentiment more than anything else that prompted the shouts that one heard on all sides of "Good Old Bottomley," "Good Old Adansi," and, in instances, "Good Old John Bull." Why is it that when exultant sportsmen—particularly racegoers—desire to express appreciation or to give vent to exuberant enthusiasm they invariably term everything "Good old"? It is of course meant in an endearing sense, for a moderate-class animal which may evoke such praise cannot be very good, and Quelpart, for instance, being a two-year-old, is very young.

Is the Reason Trustworthy?

Throughout the jumping season, among the recruits to hurdle racing, we continually back horses based upon the opinion of their jockeys who rode them in their début that they could then have been either placed or "right on top" of "certain" other horses who won the race. Yet it is an extraordinary fact that horsemen are always strongly infatuated with their own "rides," and optimistic to a degree—irrespective of the positive fact that nearly *everything else* that finished alongside or behind them is considered by *their own* jockey to have been able to beat the other. Thus do upsets occur, and we find a horse, probably fourth, but whose pilot has vowed he *could have been third*, beaten by another that then actually finished behind him, and who *could have been second*.

Prophetic.

The White Knight and All Black for their respective races to-day (Thursday) are no tips at all, being too obvious and certain odds-on favourites, but if they have not competed earlier in the week, Nero and Forelock should win their handicap engagements on Friday.

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In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.—Advt.

A TRIBUTE TO CECIL RHODES

A MIGHTY Empire mourns her mighty son,
Whose pregnant life has ended all too soon,
And, in her heart, the throne of glowing Pride,
By Sorrow is usurped.
To his long sleep,
Into the vast profound, a master-mind—
Who lived and wrought for Britain's good has gone.
Play the sad and stately music of Death:
For words fall weakly in our burial rites:
But music, in her mournful mood, has power
To stir the soul's secluded depths, and, by
Her subtle art, move apathy to tears.

He viewed the evolution of his race
With righteous pride, and, starting from its source,
He traced her river of career through all
Its course, perceived its vast impediments,
Observed its ever broad'ning, deep'ning flow:
And then, with pensive eyes and frowning brow,
Beheld its separation. Calamitous
Fatality which Time will rectify.
Yet looking more ahead, with bright'ning eyes,
He saw his lineage in other lands,
Shaping their courses, with unswerving faith,
To that Great Sea of British Brotherhood,
The like of which the world has never seen.

We heed not those traducers more than he,
That with his name associated greed.
His love of wealth was not the sterile lust
That takes possession of the smaller mind.
Philanthropy, full well he knew, should have
A head most keen to council her large heart,
And, for her good, to reason with it thus:
Could penury change place with wealth, would wealth
Be less luxurious! or penury
Feel less of hunger's pang? Would plutocrats
Throw arrogance aside? Would sycophants
Uncringe, and, with bold mien and manly hearts,
Turn benefactors from a moral sense?
As well might we beseech the bleating lamb
To show bold front in presence of the lion?
Expect the viper not to issue venom
With its bite.

Were all apportioned fair to-day.
Would not the night bring laughing eyes of gain
And furrowed brows of loss?

He wished to forge a trusty link in that
Great, ever length'ning, ever strength'ning chain,
Which, to her liberal moorings, holds our race.
In Opulence he saw his stepping-stone
To cogent acts, and said: "Act is most strong:
The fairest and the strongest words are but
The froth of Thought, and in their infancy
Ofttimes, like bubbles, lose their being in
The air: and Thought without her potent peer,
Like luscious fruit ungathered, soon decays.
For Action is her lawful mate: in wrong
Her willing slave: in causes right and great,
He takes her sterling soul unto himself,
And gives it larger life and comely shape."

It has been bruited by the cynic's tongue
That his ambitious love of self, and not
Of goodwill, was the mainspring of his might.
The World cares little how the jaundiced mind
Assails the cause of his career. His ends
Have justified him in our eyes, and in
This life there's nought that's noble to be done
Without Ambition's help and are not cynics'
Sneers ambitious? Does not Ambition's spur
Make cynics cynical from love of self?
The Empire little heeds the carper's cry,
For babbling brooks their shallowness proclaim:
How great are little men, who come and go,
With all their fuss like harmless flakes of snow.
For are not most of men in this short life
As straws and leaves that float upon a stream,
Without the force to fight against the flow,
Or from those vortices wherein they're whirled,
To liberate themselves?

As Egypt's Sphinx
Are men like Rhodes, so permanent are their
Great purposes. The powers that oppose
Their giant aims, impede their mighty paths
As vainly as the arid winds assail
The pyramids.
Many men whom we deem great
Leave but a transient shadow after death,
But such as he o'ershadow all the earth:
The hoary stoic Time will give him due.

This Cæsar of a greater day has left
A lofty legacy unto his land:
Nay, more, unto the world: for was he not
A pioneer in our great Brotherhood,
Whose healthy infancy gives us high hope
That in the centuries to come, the joint
Decree of Might and Right shall rule the World?
He loved his land, because, in her he saw
An Empire firmly built on love of Right,
With all her faults thought he, she still is young,
As perfect as imperfectness has been:
And masterly has been her past, yet, in
The years unspent, a part has she to play,
More momentous than her children comprehend.

Our future kin will learn to love him well,
And say, with pride, he gave his heart and hand
To usher in the dawn of that great age
When mutual Toleration shall have sway
Throughout our orb: when that rash creditor,
Blind Ignorance, with all his gorgon train,
Shall have been banished till the end of time.

C. L.

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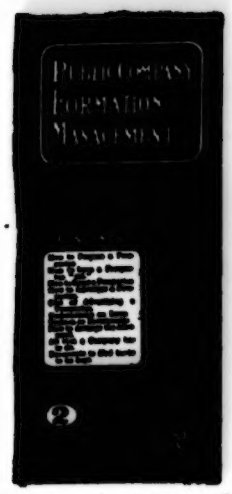

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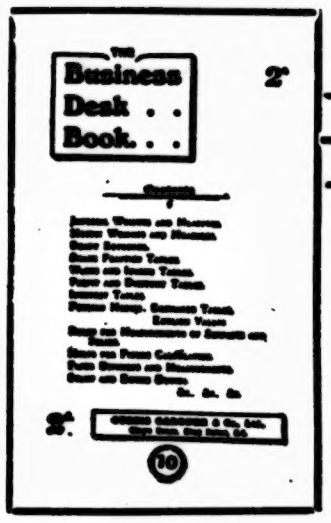

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JOINERS AND BENCH MANUFACTURERS. Yorkshire. Present hands 12 years. Making Benches for Councils, Schools, Amateur Woodworkers, etc. The Business has been well advertised, and is now well known. Turnover last year, £3,000. Capital plant, including gas engine, circular saw, planing machine, spindle moulder, etc., etc. (only 3 years old). Price required for the whole as a going concern, £850.

ESTATE AGENCY. S.E. Established 4 years. Nicely situated lock-up offices. Rent only £26. Present owner cannot give personal attention. Price, including registers, fittings, furniture, etc., only £95.

BUILDERS AND DECORATORS (Jobbing). S.E. Present hands 6 years. Nett profits £150 per annum, after all household expenses paid. Capital premises. Rent £28. Ill-health causes sale. Price, including horse, cart, trade utensils, and about £60 stock, only £225.

PRINTING BUSINESS. Well established, showing turnover of £2,300 per annum, which is increasing rapidly. The machinery is modern, and in excellent order, and can cope with three times the amount of present work. The proprietor is obliged to go abroad, and offers the whole as a going concern for £3,750, which is only a valuation of plant and machinery. The premises, which are specially adapted, are also offered for £1,500, half of which can remain on mortgage. Personally inspected.

SEEDS, BULBS, HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, etc. Midlands. Present hands 15 years. Nett profits for last 5 years averages £133 10s. 10d. per annum. Price only £150. Stock at valuation.

LAUNDRY. South London. Present hands 2 years. Trade averages £25 weekly, but practical man could double. Capital premises, with 500 square yards of ground. Inventory includes 3 washers, hydro, 2 gas engines, etc., and is worth £850. Will accept £650 for whole as a going concern.

PATENT. Offers wanted for Patent Folding Wardrobe. Greatly facilitates storage and shipment, and can readily be converted into linen cabinet. Model can be seen. Low price accepted for immediate sale, or would license for a period.

HORSE AND CATTLE FOOD BUSINESS. Established 9 years. Nett profits last year over £150. Easily doubled. Pleasant outdoor occupation. Price £350, including all recipes.

BRASS FOUNDRY. City. Present hands 14 years. Trade £190 monthly for past three years. Capital premises, held at extremely low rent. Price £800, including everything.

TOBACCONIST'S AND HAIRDRESSER'S. Kent. Present hands since 1894. Nett profits £150 per annum. Finest position in town, and good class trade only. Price, including £100 stock, only £225.

CABINET MAKING (Wholesale). Hampshire. Well fitted, with gas engine, planing machine, 2 circular saws, etc., etc., the machinery being worth about £320. Nett profit guaranteed £150 per annum. Price, including machinery and about £100 stock, only £550.

RESTAURANT. Heart of City. Present hands 6 years. Luncheon trade only. Turnover £40 weekly. Seating accommodation for 150. Large dining room, smoke room, etc. Price, including large inventory, £800.

PATENT. The full patent rights in an article in daily use by almost everybody. Enormous profits. A large number have been sold, but owing to insufficient capital owner not able to keep pace with the orders. About £1,000 required.

LADIES' HAIRDRESSING BUSINESS. N.W. Present hands 5½ years. High-class connection. Owner going abroad. Price, including stock, fixtures and household furniture, £175, or near offer. Personally inspected.

ADVERTISING NOVELTY. Patent for sale of an advertising novelty, suitable for hotels, luncheon bars, etc. Full particulars on application. &

FRUITERER'S AND GREENGROCER'S. Forest Gate. Main road premises. Present hands 7 years. Trade nearly £30 weekly. Price, including horse, van, etc., etc., only £100.

CONFECTIONER'S (Wholesale and Retail). Sussex Coast town. In present hands 6 years. Now offered for sale owing to ill-health. Trade £37 to £40 weekly. Profits £9. Price, including horse, van, stock, fixtures and utensils, £250. No Sunday trade.

CYCLE BUSINESS. South London. Retail Shop, with large wholesale trade also. Established 5 years. Nett profits £300 per annum. All books have been kept, and every enquiry is courted. Price £200. Stock at valuation. Partner entertained. Personally inspected.

BRASS FOUNDRY. E.C. Established 50 years. Capital premises, held on long lease. Trade about £2,100 per annum. Price, including large stock, £500 or near offer.

ANTIQUE AND GENERAL FURNISHING BUSINESS. Cathedral town, much patronised by American and other tourists. Present hands over 20 years. Nett profits £1,000 per annum. Owing to ill-health the low sum of £2,000 accepted for the whole. This is really less than the actual value of stock. Personally inspected.

MOTOR AND GENERAL ENGINEERS. Ten miles out, Surrey. Commanding premises on main road. Show-rooms, garage and workshops. Trade last year £3,500, but increasing very rapidly. Offered for £250, value of fixtures and machinery only. Stock at valuation. Perinspected. Manager will remain.

GROCERY. Bedfordshire. Old-established Business in good position. Trade £20 weekly, at exceptionally good prices. Could be doubled. Price, including horse, cart, van and about £200 stock, only £350.

ART METAL BUSINESS. West of England. Turnover last year nearly £4,000, but facilities for considerable extension. Convenient premises, fully equipped. Satisfactory reasons for disposal. Price, including assets valued at £3,500, only £3,000. Suit gentleman giving personal supervision. Personally inspected.

TOBACCONIST'S. Well-established Business, with 5 shops, large warehouse and office, situated in prominent positions at railway stations. All smartly fitted. Showing good turnover, capable of increase in practical hands. Several proprietary brands. About £1,700 required to take over the whole, including stock, or each shop would be sold separately.

Further List on Application.

PARTNERSHIPS OFFERED.

PARTNERSHIP offered in London business (established 12 years) to Gentleman willing to invest £3,000. No special knowledge required. Can draw £6 weekly and about £1,000 per annum half share of profits. Accountants balance sheets can be seen.

PARTNERSHIP offered to Gentleman willing to invest £2,000 in property dealing and development of building estates. Several estates now in hand ripe for building. £2,000 will purchase half share including share in Property valued at £3,750.

PARTNERSHIP offered in London Wine and Spirit Merchants (established over 100 years) owing to death. The business has been working with small capital, but showed over £500 nett profit last year. Assets valued at £5,000. £3,000 will purchase half share, but whole amount not required at once.

DAIRY (High-Class). PARTNER required in old-established business in North London. Turnover £70 weekly. Can draw £3 weekly, and half share of profits. Practical man preferred. £500 for half share. Any trial allowed.

MOTOR CARS, MOTOR BOATS, Etc. PARTNER required to extend a rapidly-developing business. Half share offered for £2,000 to £3,000. Full particulars on application.

ELECTRICAL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERS. PARTNER required in old-established business. Has assets about £1,200. Good contracts in hand. Half share offered for £1,000. Books open for investigation.

STEAM SHIPPING. An opportunity occurs for a Gentleman investing or influencing capital up to £10,000 to join steam shipping company (now forming), and also to take share in management of two well-established dividend-paying shipping companies. Remuneration £656 per annum and return on shares. Practical knowledge not necessary.

CONVALESCENT HOME and PAYING GUESTS' ESTABLISHMENT. Lady with delightfully situated house and excellent connection, desires partner. Receipts last year nearly £750. January this year £135. £600 required for half share.

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST and MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURERS. Switzerland. Sleeping PARTNER required with capital of £3,000 for the purpose of extending old-established business. Would be guaranteed 5 per cent. interest on capital and 20 per cent. of net profits (guaranteed not to be less than £200 yearly).

SHIP CHANDLER (established 1849) Northern Port. Owner desires to obtain greater leisure, and is prepared to admit energetic partner with £3,000 to £5,000 capital with a view to income controlling. Connection among shipowners and knowledge of foreign languages advantageous. Recommended.

Further List on Application.

BUSINESSES WANTED.

BUTCHER'S BUSINESS. North London preferred. Must be doing £80 per week. Send particulars and lowest price.

AUCTIONEER'S AND ESTATE AGENT'S (not Agricultural). Good provincial town. London not entertained. Good price for genuine concern.

AUCTIONEER'S AND ESTATE AGENT'S. Good suburban Business wanted, showing nett profit of £300 to £400 per annum or would entertain a partnership.

BUILDER'S. Wanted to purchase, a well established Business in London or within 15 miles radius. Price up to £500.

CORN OR COAL BUSINESS WANTED in Isle of Wight, Hampshire, Sussex or Dorset. Price £4,000 to £5,000.

WHOLESALE FANCY BUSINESS required in the City. Must be showing good profits, and be suitable for amalgamation. Price up to £5,000.

SAUCE AND PICKLE MANUFACTURING BUSINESS wanted in or near London. One neglected not objected to, providing there is plenty of scope.

STATIONERY BUSINESS Required, situated in any healthy district, but not near a large town. Price up to £200 available.

PATENT. Capitalist is open to purchase any sound Patent that is likely to be of public utility. Send full particulars.

Further List on Application.

PARTNERSHIPS WANTED.

ADVERTISER is willing to invest £400 to £500 in sound Business showing profit. Would require to draw £3 weekly salary and profits.

ACCOUNTANCY. A Gentleman fully qualified seeks Partnership in a chartered accountant's business in London. Can invest £1,000. Would require to draw £350.

ENGINEERING BUSINESS. Advertiser seeks Partnership in a structural engineer's or crane making business. Has had some experience. Can invest £1,000 to £2,000.

Further List on Application.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,
Turf Commission Agents,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS IN THE WORLD.
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP. DERBY GOLD CUP. MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR ACCUMULATORS AT STARTING PRICE.
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POSTAGE 2½d. POST CARDS 1d.

OWING to the success which attended our first Limerick, we are promoting another in connection with THE DERBY GOLD CUP and MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.
THE "TURF RECORD" contains full particulars.
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THE LAW does not approve of the man of "moderate means" investing or speculating on *sport!*—
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NEW BOOK of RULES, containing the Fairest and most Comprehensive Terms of any reliable firm, now ready, and will be sent post free on application.
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LARRY LYNX, in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to Straightforwardness and Accuracy.

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Bungalow as above, 25 miles from London, and 10 minutes from Station, with one acre, £270.

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Secures a pretty Bungalow, with one acre, in the country.
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NOTHING CAN BE ANY GOOD FOR

HAIR

WHICH IS FALLING OUT OR PREMATURELY GREY

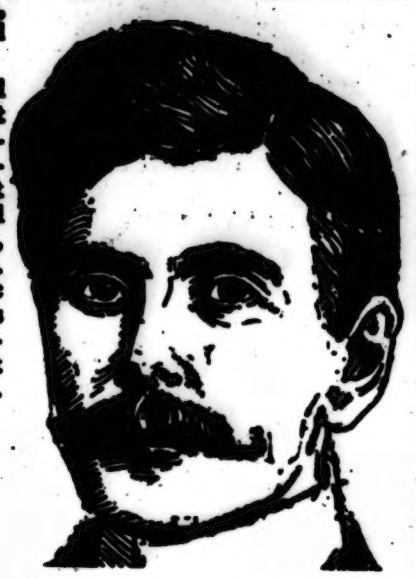
EXCEPT

CAPSULOIDS

Because when the roots are not Healthy and Strong, or when they are affected by Germs, YOUR HAIR WILL NOT, indeed CANNOT grow till those germs are destroyed, and Capsuloids is the only remedy which will destroy them, and thus ALWAYS cure.

NATURE is particularly active at certain seasons. In vegetation she is most active in the spring. In human beings and animals the hair grows especially in the Autumn and early Winter because of the coming cold weather. As Capsuloids always work by aiding Nature, it is clear that now is the time to take a thorough course of Capsuloids, thereby securing thick and luxuriant hair

CAPSULOIDS are never harmful to any part of the body. Ignorant persons tell you that internal medicine for the hair is harmful, forgetting that if such were the case it would be dangerous to take internal medicine for the blood, stomach, liver, kidneys, nerves, etc., etc. Such attempts to mislead the public are worse than foolish. Hundreds tell us of their clear skins and exquisite complexions when writing that their hair troubles have been cured.



LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF A HAIR-ROOT GREATLY MAGNIFIED, and see how your hair grows, why it becomes prematurely grey, brittle, dull, loose, and why it falls out. You see the bottom of the hair-root is made of little growing cells in which lie harmful germs. These cells draw nourishment from the little blood vessel below and multiply and push up and form a hair, but sometimes these harmful germs enter them, use their nourishment, injure, and finally destroy them, so that the hair is grey, loose, or falls out. To cure you must simply destroy those germs, and then nourish the cells, and the only way to reach that part is through the blood, and the only remedy that will do this work is

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From all Chemists, or from ourselves, price 2/3 per box.

SPECIAL SAMPLE given when this Coupon is enclosed, and three boxes are ordered direct from us. Larger Sample with six.

COUPON.
JOHN BULL
2/11/07.

Send for valuable FREE HAIR BOOKLET, which gives full EXPLANATIONS.

Call and Have Your Hair Examined Free Between 10 to 1 and 2 to 5 p.m.

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267, High-street, Chatham, Kent.

Dear Sirs,—I have very great pleasure in informing you that I have derived remarkable benefit by taking Capsuloids. About three years ago my hair began to fall out. I tried various outward applications, but none had much effect. Six months ago I came across your advertisement, so as a last resource I thought I would give Capsuloids a trial, and by following the directions given on the boxes, I am thankful to say that all the bald spots have disappeared, and my hair is quite strong again.

Yours truly, T. MAUGHAM.

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Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.

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